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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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Maine Farmer.

Z. C. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

The demand for cows is not as brisk as a year ago. The short fodder crop makes the difference.

Every owner of cattle should bear in mind that an unhealthy animal is an unprofitable one. The health of the herd, then, should be the first thing to look after.

Look after the ice supply as soon as ready for harvest. Twelve inches is thick enough where it is to be handled by hand as with the farm supply. Other work may wait but it pays to attend to the ice as soon as it is ready.

Usually there is a sluggish condition of the butter trade following the holidays but this year prices have advanced and buyers are picking up good stock rapidly. The outlook was never better for the dairymen east and west.

Numerous inquiries have been received from our readers for information regarding some of the intricate problems encountered along the way of work at the farm. We are always glad to give these matters attention. We wish it understood that our columns are always open to our readers to be used for their benefit. Inquiries, communications and replies are always welcome.

In the farm census to be taken next June instead of recording the statistics of several farms on one schedule as heretofore, each farm is to be entered on a separate blank so that no farmer can see what his neighbor has given in. Each farm blank, as soon as filled, will be placed in a government portfolio for safekeeping and will not be seen except by the census taker and the farmer.

The care and treatment of breeding stock while at the barn is one of the most important problems that can engage the attention of the stockman. The health, strength and constitutional powers of our stock must be sustained. In the case of the dairy cow, the health and vigor of the stock must be sustained. In the case of the dairy cow, the health and vigor of the stock must be sustained.

In the report of the Maine Dairy Conference given in the *Productive Review*, appears the very interesting statement that "The possibilities of large development of the dairy industry seem to be just dawning upon the farmers of Maine, and there is reason to believe that many of the abandoned farms of that most westerly state will ere long be reclaimed and become the homes of happy and prosperous dairymen. Mr. Dodge took his standard of qualities from the New York market, and while there was a disposition to criticize his work because of the low scores on the butter, his interest in the product and willingness to point out the causes of the defects were appreciated by the butter makers, many of whom will profit by what they saw and heard." The scores are given in full as in the Maine papers.

GRAIN AND FLAVOR OF BUTTER.

In another column we give a communication from one of our thousands of intelligent readers, who does his own thinking. He attended the dairymen's convention at Lewiston and evidently gave close and intelligent attention to the exercises. From what he saw and heard, questions arose in his mind, some of which were not made quite clear. On these he asks for further light. While expressing our own views on some of these, we trust that our readers, interested in the subject matter of his communication, will come forward in a full and free discussion of the several matters called to attention in his letter, and also say others that may arise in this connection. This whole business of dairymen's check full of important details that every dairyman needs to clearly understand. This is just what gives such lectures as Fuller's and Van Dresher's their great value. But even such experts cannot pursue every point to a finish in the brief time of a single lecture. But when they set their hearers to searching further for desired knowledge, as in this case, they do a double service.

I. First as to grain. The answer to this may be given in an emphatic No! Grain, solidly, firmness, body, in butter, differ in different breeds of cows, and this is well known to all makers who have had experience with different breeds. Ayrshire cows, as an example, while furnishing some of the best milk in the world to be used in the whole farm, make a butter comparatively too fine grained and consequently soft. Jerseys and Guernseys are noted for their natural solidity and grain of their butter product. This distinction of grain comes from the fact that the butter globules in the milk of Jerseys and Guernseys are comparatively large, while in the milk

from Holsteins, Ayrshires and Herefords they are small.

Firmness in the butter is a characteristic of breeds, and also of individual cows. This, however, is modified by the food of the cows, and may be largely broken down by improper handling of the milk, cream or butter. Expert judges, and even dealers, do not note slight defects in grain and body by their score, as do consumers when it is placed on the table.

Flavor in butter is altogether another matter. This is the first time we recall having the flavor of butter as a characteristic of breeds called up. In fact, this is a point that has not, to our knowledge, been investigated by disinterested authorities. The writer has made, studied and tasted butter for many years, and from knowledge thus gained we are going to answer the question in regard to flavor just the opposite of that given in regard to grain. As fine a flavor, in and of itself alone, can be given to butter from Holstein cream as from any other breed of cows. We are fully aware that Jersey enthusiasts have claimed a superior flavor to the golden product of their pet cows. But we are going to say that the superiority claimed in this particular direction was the product of imagination as truly as was that "superior flavor" the judge at Lewiston claimed to exist in a sample of New Hampshire butter known to have come from a separator.

Flavor is the result of the food of the cow, intensified and modified in the ripening of the cream. We cannot go into an explanation of this ripening process with cream at this time—there is not room for it in this connection. But food and ripening the same, the flavor of the product will be substantially alike, from whatever the breed of cows.

2. Natural color is of some slight value, if it is not too high, when, in such case, it becomes damaging. But color is a property that can be so easily made uniform, that "natural" has lost much of the value formerly attached to it. We decline to discuss the relation of the coloring of butter to color, for the reason that there is no more relation between the color of the butter and the color of the cream, than there is between the color of the milk and the color of the cream.

3. It should be borne in mind that Valancey E. Fuller is one of our best authorities in the care of Jersey cows, under the intensive pressure of high feed and great production. In such work the health and strength of the cow must be sustained, at least in even balance with her production. While hundreds of farmers may feed four pounds cottonseed meal a day and make it pay for a time, it in no sense proves the unsoundness of Mr. Fuller's recommendation. It is a high art to draw three or four pounds of butter a day from a cow and sustain her full powers.

4. There are many others who could not see the propriety of going to New York for a judge, when not a pound of butter ever goes into that market. It is business sense to advertise our butter in the market where it is sold. And another thing, it is hard for our dairymen to see the justice or the propriety of an intentional and undesired low score as a means of encouragement to greater efforts for improvement.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

I'll study to make farming more than plowing, sowing and reaping. Stock will be comfortably sheltered. No more acres will be cultivated than can be tilled profitably. Small fruits will be planted in sufficient quantity for home use. The pasture question will be intelligently studied. Scrub stock from the hen to the horse will be bred off the farm. Unnecessary debt will not be contracted. Some scheme will be devised by which regular intervals, and these at least monthly, farm machinery will be kept in repair rather than be subject to general repairs consequent to continued neglect. Barns will be made convenient. The fire wood will be in the shed and convenient to the kitchen door. The water supply will receive careful attention. Paint will be in evidence whenever and wherever possible. The house will be made convenient and as handsome as income will permit. Walks will be made that will reduce the house-cleaning to the minimum. The family horse and carriage will be a luxury provided as soon as farm receipts will permit. Books, magazines and farm papers will be found on the sitting-room table. Wholesome recreation and helpful social intercourse will be provided. Well, this is resolution enough!

Yes, the farmer has a big proposition on his hands, but such resolutions made and carried out will be largely the solution of that problem which is agitating so many farm homes—How shall we keep the boys and girls on the farm.

The farmer who has the will power, business ability and magnanimity of soul to materialize such resolutions will give to his family a better home than he has at present. He will be able to feed more stock to make more manure with which to grow more crops and along with it, put his land into a more productive condition. He could not start out with a better course than that he has entered upon. The simple operation of working a long let-alone soil,

from the same quantity of cream we get more butter at one time than at another, while the cows are given the same care in feed and every way, also the same care given to the milk and ripening of cream? We set our milk in pans and have a room purposely for the milk.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. Kate Libby.

It is impossible to give a definite answer to this question without a personal knowledge of all conditions. With everything done exactly the same at all times, (and the cows in good health) the variation in results will be small indeed, and not enough to demand attention. Somewhere along the way from the cow to the finished product there are conditions not the same at all times. It may be in the creaming of the milk, getting nearer to all of it at one time than at another, on account of weather. It may be in churning, running off more of the fat in the butter milk. It may be in the quality of the product. For various reasons more water may remain in the finished butter at one time than at another. This is a frequent cause for a difference in the weight of butter realized from a given quantity of cream. At the creameries all these matters are tested that it may be known that the best possible work is being done in all these directions.

ANOTHER NEW CREAMERY.

A new company, under the name of The Poland Dairy Company, has bought out the rights and good-will of the Poland Dairy Association, and has built and equipped a new creamery near the Poland station of the Rumford Falls and Portland railroad. The company started up their business of making butter the first day of the present year. Their factory is built in a tasteful and attractive style, is equipped throughout with the latest and most approved apparatus, is located in the midst of cleanly surroundings, and is supplied with an abundant supply of pure spring water for which the town of Poland is justly celebrated. The directors of the company are H. W. Ricker of the Poland Spring House, E. P. Ricker, A. B. Ricker, F. D. True of the Portland firm of D. W. True & Co., grocers, C. L. Keen and B. M. Fernald, of the corn packing firm of Fernald, Keen & True. These are all well known business men which is an assurance of the success of the enterprise from the start. Of course the Poland Spring House will be a leading consumer of the products of the creamery. The cream gathering plan is to be adopted for the present.

RENOVATING A FARM.

Editor Maine Farmer: I have a few questions to ask, and if not too much trouble would like to have them answered. One year ago last March I bought a "run-out" farm. My object is to put the fields in shape to produce a little more hay as soon as possible with the least expense. The farm, at present, will carry only a small amount of stock without buying more hay than I care to buy just at present.

My method is to break up a piece of ground in the fall, and in the spring put on what dressing I have, sowing on mixed grain, oats, barley and peas, seedling down to grass. I am aware I am not stirring the ground as much as it should be, also that I have about half as much dressing as I should like to put on, if I intended to take off two crops, but I am anxious to get over the whole and help a little until I can go over it the second time, for the farm has been neglected for twenty years or more.

Now for the questions:

1. Will it help the fields any after dressing what I can in this way, to turn over a few acres each year and harrow down in the fall, then the following spring sow grass, without taking off any crop or without taking any crop from the land? I think some of the fields have been plowed for over twenty years.

2. Will land broken up in the fall and dressed with fifty bushels of ash or five tons of lime, and seeded to grass in early spring without cropping, produce hay enough above what it is doing now, to pay the cost? (very light hay at present).

3. Would eight hundred pounds of bone meal to the acre, spread on and harrowed in (without cropping) produce anything of a crop of hay for a few years?

4. I have a piece broken up this fall and partly dressed, will finish dressing in the spring, but the dressing will not be very heavy. Now which will be the better method, to sow to mixed grain and grinds to feed cows or use fertilizer in the hill and plant to sweet or field corn, then after the corn is harvested plow and set for seeding to grass the following spring without taking off any crop?

W. W. O.

We will risk the owner of the farm referred to in the above communication to manage the farm himself. He is studying his own problems. A neglected farm is never a run-out soil. It is the soil that has been tickled and teased by cultivation into producing all the crops possible without manuring that is exhausted. If we understand this writer's position, he wishes to increase the production of fodder crops on his farm as rapidly as possible, that he may be able to feed more stock to make more manure with which to grow more crops and along with it, put his land into a more productive condition. He could not start out with a better course than that he has entered upon. The simple operation of working a long let-alone soil,

plowing, stirring, airing, will greatly aid its production. This is the course we have before advanced in similar cases.

1. Plow as soon as practicable after the hay has been taken off, and then at intervals give the land a thorough pulverizing and stirring up during the remainder of the season. The more the better. Then seeded again to grass the crop may be expected to be largely increased. But it is a question whether, for a first crop, oats and peas would not give more fodder than the grass. Peas are an excellent renovating crop.

2. With land plowed and stirred as recommended in the preceding paragraph, we should look for paying results. But it should be remembered that ashes as a fertilizer are not so promptly active as some manures and that they carry their efforts through a series of years. The account, therefore, cannot be balanced with the ashes in a single year.

3. Experiments like these can be tried on a small scale, where one has not plenty of money to use in the business, and are interesting to the operator and furnish important information for guidance in future work. Every farm is a great experiment station. Bone meal, like ashes, does not give out its full content of material to the first crop. We would recommend trying it at first only on a small area of the land.

4. This would depend largely on how a man is situated in regard to help and team. With plenty of help at hand and team enough to do the work, the more of the years the land is kept under the plow and producing cultivated crops, the greater will be the crop production. The latter course suggested is the better practice, but whether best for the operator in this case can only be judged when all conditions are known. It makes a wide difference whether the man carrying on a farm "has money to burn," or must in every operation, look for prompt paying returns. It may or may not be desirable to return the land to grass production as quickly as practicable. Other crops may be more profitably grown for stock fodder than grass in some cases.

SCORING BUTTER AT LEWISTON.

Under the above heading the *Weekly Union*, Manchester, N. H., takes up the question of scoring butter and butter exhibitions in the following vigorous manner:

"The dairymen of Maine are justly indignant over the work of the New York 'expert' at their recent exhibition at Lewiston, and the Maine Farmer expresses itself very mildly, considering the evident facts in the case. We have long been of the opinion that this scoring business was a farce, and the Maine dairymen have felt, and have had experiences to justify the opinion, that in their case the state was scored instead of the butter. It is time that there was a thorough understanding of what the score card represents, and while butter is made and put on the market to be sent where it happens to be called for in the course of trade, there should be uniformity in the standard required. By the card used in Maine this season, flavor stood for 60 points; by the one used in this state it was 45. In Maine the butter was judged for the New York market, or by a man from that city. In this State we had a man from Boston. Now, flavor is the main point and the feature on which nearly all the reductions are made from perfect, and while butter may go to New York as well as to Boston, why should there be so much difference in the standard for the two places? If this difference really exists, there should be a judge from every large town where butter is sold, and then take the average of their judgments. But the 'experts' would not agree to this. Each one of them must feel that he is the 'I am' and above being disputed, or he will not act."

In Maine, this season, the highest score was 95, and only one sample got that. In this state we had nine at 95 or over and one at 98. But when we consider that for butter counted for five points more there than here, and that our judge made three points difference in two samples from the same churning, we have little grounds for boasting.

But why go away from home for judges? The person who tests the butter is not supposed to know who made it, and there are as good judges of butter in Portland or Manchester as there are in Boston or New York. One of our Manchester dealers said at Peterborough that the two samples in which the difference of three points was made by the judge, might have been from the same churning for all he could detect, and such proved to be the case.

The man or creamery that takes first prize is pleased and usually gets enough to pay for the trouble of exhibiting, but the great majority lose their reputations and receive a check in their orders from people who can taste printed reports more accurately than they can butter.

Under a system of competition where only three or four are pleased with results, and they are left in serious doubt as to whether their success was really merited, it would seem that the next great field for improvement was in judging rather than in making the butter."

The Farmer has refrained from severe criticism on the work done at Lewiston, hoping some explanation might be forthcoming. The exhibit was in every sense a credit to the state, the great bulk of the butter of superior quality for winter make, and the exhibitors from every portion of Maine were anxious to learn wherein their exhibits failed, that improvement might be made in the future. The Farmer does not believe a single exhibitor was there simply for the premium he might win, but for the instruction he might receive. What should have been done when it was found that the judge was placing so low a score, and giving no information, was to stop all judging and put the work into the hands of a competent expert. The butter makers of Maine were there to be protected, but instead, they were left to suffer.

The Union takes issue with the system of judging, a position not warranted by the facts. It was the abuse of the system, the utter failure to meet the requirements which is to be condemned. In the hands of more than one Maine expert no such blunder would have resulted as was noticed by Mr. Butman in the last Farmer. A Maine expert would have measured the product by the true standard, which must be the highest grade possible at this season of the year, and, judged by this, the great discrepancy between our score and that of New Hampshire could not have been possible. It does not exist in fact. Of this there is abundant proof. The dairy exhibit at this year's conference was started and has been maintained to give publicity to the quality of our butter product as well as to assist in securing uniformity in quality, and at Lewiston the butter from Maine dairies, private and corporate, would compare favorably with that from any state. The truth of this statement cannot be called in question, and the fact cannot be too strongly, or too often, pressed home upon public attention. Not a pound of butter should be pledged for the dairy conference of 1900 until the fact is made certain that it will be judged upon its merits, and, more than this, that whenever a cut is made for defect the cause of that defect, so far as possible, shall be recorded for the benefit of the exhibitor. If color, salt or condition play no part in scoring and perfection goes on everything, why not strike these sections from the card? The score card system is educational and sound when correctly used. It becomes a positive evil when made to serve sectional interests or is but partially applied. There is a big task before the Maine buttermaker to overcome the loss resulting from the injurious effects of the scoring done at Lewiston, but realizing that these are unjust, that comparisons with averages in other states are unfair and that the Maine product is one to be proud of, the only thing to do is to assert the justice of our position by pushing the quality of our goods upon public attention, and protecting the interests of the butter maker when the next public exhibition is held.

For the Maine Farmer.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The first snow storm to make sledding occurred Jan. 1st and nearly every farmer is busy hauling up fire wood for the coming year. This is such a good plan that I write of it now to prod some of those who do not practice it for I know of a few who live from hand to mouth as it were, and get wood as they need it. I have in mind one man who has plenty of wood on his land but never has much at the house. I have seen long smooth beech and maple hauled up whole and hacked away on as they needed wood to burn. When the supply is about gone he will walk to the woods and haul up another load. I can almost hear the good wife say, "husband, we are about out of wood."

I am aware that men who do this are in the minority yet there are too many of them. Now is the time to prepare for the fires for one year from next April. Most of the farmers here will not burn any of the wood they are now hauling to the door before next April or May as they have a plenty house and dry to last until that time. When spring comes they are ready for the work and it is the season above all others most important to the farmer, for as he shapes his course in the spring so will he land in the fall. There may be gales that will blow him out of his course but if he tends to the helm and lands very near where he intended to, his cargo will be safely housed in barn and bin and the freight money be in his pocket. Some will say, "who paid the freight?" I say it may be the corn factory one or two hundred dollars, the packers of peas from fifty to two hundred more, string beans another freight bill and yet the larger part of the cargo the farmer has brought along from April to November is at home in barn and bin.

The stock fodder, the foundation of all farm operations, well taken care of is a source of comfort to him and a monthly revenue, also if he has cows in milk all the year round he never falls of his monthly check. How it drives away the blues! Let us think of these things now and get ready to launch out as the river of spring opens for if we do not start in the spring—the seed time—we shall not

have any cargo to store nor freight to collect in the fall. Spring will soon be here, lay your plans now, make arrangements to raise a little more than last year if possible, try and add to your stock one heifer calf and be sure and make an effort to raise fodder to meet this addition to your stock. Try this way of getting up the ladder, one rung at a time; there are others ahead of you but you will have company, and can help one another if you will. I have just got off the first rung and am trying to get onto the next. I see the ladder is long and high but I am going to try and climb. Come on brother farmers.

Glendon. J. M. WINSLOW.

For the Maine Farmer.

A COMMUNICATION FULL OF POINTS.

By a Man Who Attended the Dairy Convention.

I would like to ask two or three questions that were not made quite clear, in fact, no one attempted any explanation at the United States dairy meeting. A great deal of stress was placed on the flavor of butter, I think 60 points. What I want to know is this:

1. Will cream from cows of all breeds, taken collectively, if treated in the same manner, produce butter of equal grain and flavor? One speaker was favorable to Holstein, leaving the impression that this stock, in his estimation, was the ideal. The only point to decide was a man's fancy. V. E. Fuller advocated Jerseys as being most desirable, and the World's Fair test seems to indicate that he was right in his talking about it. I think, personally, my question is almost foolish, but there are others who differ, and I would like to see some remarks in your paper on the point of flavor via different breeds as a whole (not individual cows).

As I look at it, this is a question of dollars to every dairy farmer, not breed or personal fancy, if it is of value, as it is, and if one breed of cows can produce a desirable flavor that another cannot, every farmer should have this point impressed on his mind. I know one hereof breeder, a prominent granger, who attends many state dairy meetings and institutes, takes great interest, sells butter and claims his cows are equal to Jerseys for butter. Is this man willingly ignorant or am I radical in thinking he is off his base?

2. Is not natural high color of any value, or is it to be passed unnoticed? We Maine farmers think it a terrible thing for old people to color their goods yellow, and many times almost recommend hanging as a proper dose for the manufacturer. But how about farmers and butter factories coloring their product all the time? Sell it for what it is, as we desire the old people to do. How would that idea take? I only speak of this to draw out your thought on value of color and how to be most satisfactorily obtained. If breed will help out on this, so that when, as farmers before the state legislature, we say, "We don't care about your color; only color it pink or green," we don't want the manufacturer of the product to tell us: "You color your goods as much as we do."

I have bred A. J. C. Club stock of the best or most noted strains, expended lots of money on them, talked Jerseys and love Jersey, because I believe that as a dairy breed for butter, flavor, quantity, cheapness of production, color of product, quarts of milk at lowest cost, year round, and putting good gold dollars in your pocket to make home comfortable, Jerseys are equal, if not better, than any known breed. Is this all in my head, and am I radical? I want to know the truth and am willing to be convinced when facts prove to the contrary.

3. One other thought has impressed me since the dairy meeting at Lewiston. V. E. Fuller said that two pounds of cottonseed meal were all he dared to feed a 1,000-lb. cow per day. How does that agree with the experience of hundreds of farmers who feed four pounds and believe it profitable.

4. I understood the butter expert to be judging for New York market. How does that agree with Boston, where large quantities of Maine butter is sold. Give us standard for markets where our products are sold.

As I understand, New York says white eggs, Boston, deep, rich brown. Perhaps color adds nothing of value outside of appearance. But if it can be produced as cheaply as off color and is worth 1 or 2 cents per dozen, why not cater to color in eggs as well as in butter?

Keep plenty of coal ashes before Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks and all breeds that are inclined to lay dark colored eggs and note the change for the better in color. Yours truly, O. R. JONES.

Sabattus.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE COLUMN.

BY EDWIN C. POWELL, NEW YORK.

The question propounded by a JERSEY BULLETIN reader, "Should cows kept principally for breeding purposes, and those kept principally for dairy purposes, be similarly fed and cared for, and what kind of feed, and how should it be used?" admits of two answers—yes and no. It depends on the cows, it depends on the owner, and it also depends on the line of dairying followed. The matter is somewhat simplified by being confined to the dairy breeds entirely, and Jerseys in particular.

With stock kept principally for breeding purposes the chief aim is the production of strong, healthy, vigorous progeny, as the progeny is accounted of more value than the possible product from the parent. These in turn are kept for the production of other breeding stock, and so on ad infinitum. If this process is kept up and reasoned out to a logical end on this line, we find that the value put upon such animals is largely fictitious. We must have some measure of value besides pedigree, and with dairy stock it must be the production of milk. Now the larger the production of the dam, the greater the value placed upon her progeny. So while pedigree and purity of blood are essential, yet the real value of any dairy animal is governed upon the productive capacity of this animal, either real or imagined.

Thus it will be seen that the owner of a good herd of breeding stock will be obliged to keep them in a way to get a large production from them, if he would realize the greatest value from the progeny, and do justice to the breed. This approach very near to the line upon which dairy cows should be kept for the greatest profit from them. Yet I think there are certain differences in the feed and care of each which should be observed.

In the production of milk for the general market, where quality counts no figure so long as it is up to the legal standard, and quantity is the only thing sought for, the Jersey cow can not hope to compete with some of the other breeds. The most profit from such a dairy is obtained by forcing them to the greatest possible production. The foods should be such as to produce a great quantity of milk. Clover and clover hay, oat hay, corn silage and fodder and the use of other green forage crops in summer for soiling purposes, should compose the coarse part of the ration.

Economy must be the guide in purchasing the different kinds of grain. Brewers' grains are the cheapest feed where they can be easily obtained. When sweet and fresh they are a first-class food for the production of milk and they will certainly make lots of milk when fed in abundance. Dried grains or malt sprouts may be used by those who can not so easily procure the fresh grains. They have the advantage of always being sweet. Corn meal and wheat bran balance the ration, and a small quantity of cottonseed meal, say a quart a day per cow, make probably the cheapest combination for the majority of dairymen. Buckwheat middlings are, in some sections, a cheap food, and contain a large amount of protein.

Where the production of the best quality of milk is wanted, or the use of brewer's grains is prohibited, a larger amount of wheat bran and middlings, and the oil meals must be fed. Oats are a perfect and ideal food for the production of milk, but are generally too expensive to purchase.

The method of caring for a lot of cows kept principally for making milk should differ greatly from a herd kept more largely for breeding purpose. The cows should be kept as quiet as possible at all times, and continuous stabling through the winter in a very warm barn is advisable. All the feed that they will consume should be given in the morning and will be given, should be fed. The cows should not be bred to calve oftener than every 15, 18, or 24 months, depending somewhat on each individual.

In a breeding herd the health, strength and vigor of the progeny should be sought after, as much as the production of the dam, and the feed and management should be governed accordingly. Fine and muscle-forming foods, such as will produce a good quantity of milk as well, must be fed. Brewer's grains can hardly be allowed, except in small quantities. Wheat bran is one of the best. Oats are expensive, but they give results which can be obtained by no other food, and I believe that it will pay to feed them in a small way, say two quarts to each cow every day. Oats help to build up the nervous system and give snap, style and energy, which are qualities so essential in the show ring. Corn meal should be fed sparingly. Linseed, cottonseed and gluten meals in the order named are all right.

The healthfulness of a breeding herd should be maintained at all hazards, and this can not be done by close confinement. At least it has not been done under such conditions where high feeding is practiced. Exercise is important and must be allowed freely and frequently. Perfect ventilation of the stables must be given and outdoor exercise on every pleasant day in winter. The cows should be bred to drop a calf every twelve months, or oftener if possible.

One year of the cow's life should be given up to a test of her productive capacity. A seven-day's test is an indicator of what a cow can do under high pressure for a short time, but a record covering a full year is of far greater value. During this time the milk should be weighed at each milking and a Babcock analysis taken at least once a month of a mixed sample of four consecutive days or eight milkings.

The bull needs as careful attention as the cows and plenty of exercise. Oats and bran are the best grains for him, with good sweet hay and a few roots or silage. A grassy paddock, with shade, and a shed for shelter in storms, are the only quarters needed. Free range in this, in sight of other cattle, will keep him in good health and vigor and insure strong calves.

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IS IT FOR THE ADVANTAGE OF THE UNITED STATES TO RETAIN SOVEREIGNTY IN THE PHILIPPINES?

[Abstract of address delivered before the Somerset Forum, Nov. 19, 1899, by Hon. Albion A. Ferry, Somerville, Mass.]

In order that there may be no misunderstanding between the speaker and his hearers, let me say that my argument will be directed against the retention of the Philippines as a colonial possession, for I think we have a right to assume that no man can be found to-day who advocates out and out annexation of the islands to the United States. It seems to be conceded by every public speaker and every writer for the press that the Philippines are not to be clothed with full rights of citizenship, and, in particular, that they are not to be allowed to enter into free commercial and industrial competition with our own people. In short, they are to remain a subject people, receiving such measure of opportunity and privilege as our government may be pleased to accord.

In the first place let me ask you to consider some of the financial objections to the permanent retention of the Philippines. Probably there is no man in the world better qualified to give an opinion as to the commercial value of our new possessions than Mr. Jas. Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and surely this country has no truer, more disinterested friend. In speaking of the annexation of Hawaii, Mr. Bryce has said that the balance of advantage was against the United States, and he adds that "the case against the acquisition of Cuba appears stronger than against that of Hawaii, and the case against the Philippines strongest of all." The distinguished author declares that "the United States will render a far greater service to humanity by developing a high type of industrial civilization on her own continent—a civilization conspicuously free, enlightened and pacific—than by any foreign conquest."

Very significant is his statement that "most prudent English statesmen have held that had Great Britain been able to forego the course of events she ought to have refrained from conquering India, so great are the risks and liabilities that now attach to it."

The most intelligent and unbiased students of the Philippine question, while recognizing the great natural resources of the islands, declare that those resources cannot be profitably developed except by "contract labor," so called; and this really means a form of slave labor with which the American people ought never to soil their hands. Living is such a simple thing in the Philippines, and the tropical climate has such an enervating effect upon the inhabitants, that the natives cannot be induced to work with energy and regularity. The only hope of success in producing and marketing the staple commodities of the country lies in the employment of cheap Chinese labor under the degrading "contract" system. It must also be taken into account that the productiveness of the soil and the cheapness of labor in the Philippines are largely offset by the remoteness of the island from the world's great markets. The value of the merchandise is consumed in freight charges for shipment to centers of consumption.

The most strenuous advocates of expansion tacitly admit that it would be an injury to our people if the markets of this country were freely opened to commodities produced in the Philippine islands. For protection against the cheap labor and cheap goods of our tropical dependencies, it is promised that a high tariff shall be maintained, and right immigration laws enacted. Do you believe, my friends, that it is either wise or just to exercise permanent sovereignty over millions of people who are unfit for citizenship in the republic, whose goods must be kept out of our markets by tariff laws?

If our provincial possessions are allowed to carry on a free exchange of commodities with the United States, it will deprive the government of large revenues, disturb many business interests and cheapen labor in many fields. It is said that free trade with our colonies would involve a loss of revenue to our government, on sugar alone, of not less than \$50,000,000, annually, and it would mean financial ruin to the American producers of sugar.

In order to maintain the sovereignty of the United States in the Philippines and preserve order there, it will be necessary to keep a large standing army on the land and warships in the harbors. This we cannot afford to do. We need the money for better, nobler purposes. At the present time we are spending from one to two million dollars each week in carrying on the war with the Philippines. How long, think you, will it take to get back through trade channels the treasure which is being thus wasted?

The cost of war does not stop even when the last shot is fired and the contending armies are disbanded. Today nearly one million names are on the pension rolls of our government, and the annual disbursement for pensions amounts to about \$150,000,000. God forbid that I should advocate a niggardly policy toward the veterans of the army

that saved the Union and banished human slavery forever from our soil. They earned their pensions, and the money is cheerfully paid by a people grateful for their heroic services. The point I desire to make is this—that we should be careful not to engage in unnecessary wars that will add many thousands more names to the pension list. I venture the prediction that all the profits which the people of the United States will derive during the next one hundred years from control of the Philippines will not equal the sum paid out during the same term for pensions occasioned by warfare in the islands. Even if it could be shown that certain material advantages would accrue to this country from the subjugation of the Philippines, we ought still to oppose the aggressive policy of the present administration. There are no political or commercial benefits which can compensate this great republic for standing in the eyes of the world as the invader of the homes of weak and ignorant people dwelling in far off isles of the sea—of assassins of men who have dared to dream of political freedom. We cannot afford to broaden the field of operation for our plutocratic monopolists by bloodshed and slaughter, or to set up as emblems of our national grandeur the battleship and Gatling gun in place of the schoolhouse. We ought to scorn to match in deadly battle the wealth and power which God has bestowed upon us against the poverty and impotence of tribes that dwell in huts and are armed with bows and arrows. A nation's honor ought to be dearer to its people than any trade advantages, and the honor of this nation is involved in this strange war in the Philippines.

The war with Spain was undertaken for a righteous purpose. The sympathies of our people naturally went out to those who were struggling for freedom, and the sympathy was intensified by the knowledge that the insurgents were fighting against the rule of such a cruel and tyrannical power as Spain. We saw the fruitful Cuban soil devastated by a host of marauders and assassins, its cities turned into loathsome prison pens, its soil drenched with patriot's blood. This terrible revel of torture and death was going on month after month at our very doors, and the so-called civilized and Christian nations of the earth were looking on in mocking silence and with averted gaze. The patience of our liberty-loving people was exhausted, and their sense of justice could no longer be curbed. At last we unleashed the sword, we unloosed the military and naval forces of that haughty and cruel Spanish nation who driven, let us hope, forever from the Western Hemisphere. It was a righteous cause, I repeat, and its triumph was speedy, decisive, and sublime. It raised us to the most exalted plane ever occupied by a nation of the earth, and there we might have remained had not men's heads been turned by the dream of empire, had not their hearts been corrupted with the greed for gold.

We cannot afford to lose the respect of our sister nations by trampling under foot the moral law. This republic which ought to be loved and honored by all the peoples of the earth as the great university of democracy and citadel of liberty, is coming to be doubted and feared in every quarter of the globe. We cannot afford even to gain the hatred of the Philippines by any act of injustice or bad faith. We might have, and we ought to have, their love to-day. To have gained that love no sacrifice of national honor on our part was demanded, no "retreat before an armed enemy," no ignominious "hauling down of the flag." Nothing was required except faithful adherence to those lofty and humane principles which President McKinley so eloquently voiced in the early days of his administration. Of late, there has been so much floundering about "hauling down the flag" that people are beginning to forget what the flag stands for. I say, wherever that flag floats as the emblem of honorable peace or of righteous war, let it float, and may no man or nation dare to disturb its sacred folds; but God forbid that it should ever wave before the eyes of the world as the symbol of tyranny and oppression. It is not so bad to haul down the flag as it is to haul down those immortal principles of liberty and justice of which the flag has been such a glorious emblem.

As a great, a powerful, a magnanimous people, let us make haste to right the wrong we have already done. Let us give to the Philippines some definite assurance of a free and independent government, and this before another life is sacrificed or another home destroyed. If we were carrying on war with a powerful nation, if forces were more evenly matched, there might be some glory, from a purely military standpoint, in demanding unconditional surrender; but there is neither glory nor justice in making such a demand of the feeble antagonist with whom we are now playing the game of hide-and-seek in the Philippines. By a declaration in favor of self-government for the Philippines, similar to that made by Congress in behalf of the Cubans, hostilities would immediately be brought to an end, and good feeling would take the place of the deadly enmity which exists to-day. If Admiral Dewey is right in saying that the war in the Philippines ought to have been over long before this, then every drop of blood hereafter shed is a stain on the republic's flag.

We are told that it is the mission of the United States to establish stable governments in the far-off islands of the Pacific even if we have to wade through seas of blood to do it, and to shower the blessings of civilization on the inhabitants of the Philippine Archipelago. President McKinley has recently assured us that the Philippines will be given "a government of liberty, regulated by law, honestly administered;" that they will have "education without tyranny, justice without bribe, education without distinction of social conditions." This is all very fine in theory, but it does not tally closely with existing conditions in certain parts of our own country. Strange, indeed, will it be if we can conduct public education in a Malay colony

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"Without distinction of social conditions," while here at home we are obliged to maintain schools to match the level of children's checks. This is the case, not alone in the Southern states, but the courts of the great Empire state of the country have just upheld their school officials in excluding colored pupils from schools where white children are taught. I sometimes think that the President's eyes are so firmly fixed on the ideal conditions which are to result from an imperialistic policy in the Philippines, that he overlooks certain startling symptoms manifesting themselves almost within sight of the White House. Some of us are so old-fashioned as to believe that we shall best help other nations in working out their salvation by attending strictly to home business and working out our own.

It is an insult to speak of this republic as a "hermit nation." We have long been the leader of the world along the pathway of progress and civilization. We did not need to go to far-off islands of the sea to disclose the splendors of a government resting upon the consent of the governed—of a country where every citizen, the humblest as well as the highest, is born to an inheritance of freedom. The world was fast coming to us, through our hospitable gateways mighty armies of the poor and oppressed were marching from every quarter of the globe, their eyes fixed on the star of liberty, their ears filled with the glad song of opportunity. By the intellectual and moral power of our free institutions, we were drawing to us the peoples of the earth as silently and irresistibly as the moon draws the ocean tides.

God forbid that our eyes should be closed blindfold as the light of a new century flushes the eastern sky, so that we lose sight of those gleaming landmarks of liberty which the fathers set up for the inspiration and guidance of their sons. Let us not forget that now, as of old, "righteousness exalteth a nation." For my part I would rather see my country's flag floating over one square mile of territory where the inalienable rights of man are respected and liberty has her home, than to see it waving over a world-wide empire cursed with tyranny and misrule.

A YEAR AT THE STOCK YARDS

Statistics of the Boston Live Stock Market for the Year Just Ended.

The Farmer presents herewith the annual statement of the amount of live stock at Waterbury and Brighton stock yards, showing the increase or decrease as compared with the twelve preceding years:

	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900
Cattle	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567
Sheep	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567
Pigs	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567

WHERE THE STOCK IS FROM.

The following table is given for reference, showing the number of cattle and sheep from each of the New England States, northern New York, Canada and the West, for each quarter, with the total receipts for 1899, and each of the eight preceding years:

	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900
Cattle	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567
Sheep	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567	1,234,567

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

If you have catarrh, rheumatism, or dyspepsia, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured as thousands of others have done.

Mamma. "When the bad street boy called you those wicked names I hope you didn't call him any back?"

Ostend. "No? No, I only said one word, mamma."

Mamma. "What was that, my son?"

Ostend. "Ditto!"—Chicago News.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Doctor. Known for half a century as a specific for children teething. It soothes the child, and the gums, always all pain, cure without fail, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty times a bottle.

Mrs. McPhiggett. "Who wrote the song, 'There's Only One Girl in the World for Me'?"

Mrs. McPhiggett. "Adam, I guess."

Educate Your Novels With Care.

Novelists. Known for half a century as a specific for children teething. It soothes the child, and the gums, always all pain, cure without fail, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty times a bottle.

Write of Patient. "I am so sorry, Doctor, to bring you all the way to Dexter to see my husband."

Doctor. (from Mayfair). "Pray don't mention it, my dear madam, I have another patient in this neighborhood, so I'm killing two birds with one stone!"

Throat Sore. There's no telling what a sore throat will do to you if you give it a chance. Uncertain remedies often cause dangerous disease. Make a cure sure with PAIN-KILLER. Known for half a century as a specific for sore throat, croup, coughs, and all kinds of troubles. Keep it by you for an emergency. It never fails. Avoid substitutes. There is but one PAIN-KILLER, Perry Davis'. Price 25c and 50c.

Married.

In addition, Dec. 25, Sullivan R. Nash to Miss Lizzie S. Norton, both of Andover.

In Andover, Dec. 25, Maria V. Richardson, formerly of Norway, to Miss Millicent E. Beeler, both of Andover.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Angus A. Myers of Orono to Miss Alice Buchanan of Old Town.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Horace B. Woodman to Miss Lou A. Atwood; Dec. 23, Almon R. Perry to Miss Mary E. Hilditch.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Frank William Lewis to Miss Jennie Augusta Gray, all of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Frank Hubbard to Miss Susie Gordon, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Howard E. Churchill to Miss Flora Betts Hutchins.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Doro A. Wheeler of Bangor to Miss Anna J. Davis of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Oliver L. Anderson of Bangor to Miss Anna E. McDermott of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Albert Haskell to Miss Nellie Westworth, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Warren Cook of North Jay to Miss Mary E. Walker of Wilton.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Charles Oakes of Bangor to Miss Anna Oakes of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, William F. Capen to Miss Anna D. Capen, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Miss Nina M. Bishop, all of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Stephen F. Lawrence to Miss Mary L. Hayes.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Chalmers R. Clark to Miss Anna L. Hayes.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, William C. Hudson to Miss Ida M. Doyle.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Joseph A. Sargent to Miss Anna J. Sargent.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Charles Carpenter to Miss Anna J. Carpenter.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Henry A. Jordan of Bangor to Miss Grace E. Hutchins of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Herbert J. Dunphy to Miss Anna J. Dunphy.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Edmond L. Hughes to Miss L. H. York; Dec. 25, Floyd L. Fox to Miss Anna J. Fox.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, John C. Linney to Miss Anna J. Linney.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Fred Harrison to Miss Emma D. Taylor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Oswald L. Totten to Miss Lillian L. Totten, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Everett Small to Miss Bertha Harmon.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Edward Mace to Miss Louisa M. Mace, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, James W. North of Bangor to Miss Anna J. North of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Melville A. Drake of Bangor to Miss Nettie Mahoney of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Charles C. Perry to Miss M. A. Perry, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Dec. 25, Dr. M. A. Barstow, both of Bangor.

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KIDNEYS.

Blood, Become Infected With the Entire System, and its Disease.

the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Perhaps you are in doubt about your kidneys and want to find out. Here's a simple test. Take from your urine passed when you arise in the morning about two ounces; place in a glass or bottle and let it stand for twenty-four hours. If, upon examination, you find any sediment, or if it milky or cloudy, or if particles float about in it, disease has gotten a foothold in your kidneys and nature is calling for help.

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, you would profit by taking Swamp-Root every now and then as a preventive, and thus absolutely forestall kidney and bladder troubles.

The famous new discovery, Swamp-Root, has been tested in so many ways, in a hospital way, in private practice, among the helpless, too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case, that a special arrangement has been made with the Augusta Maine Farmer by which all of its readers who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail; also a book, telling all about kidney and bladder diseases, and containing some of the thousands of testimonials from men and women reclaimed to lives of happiness and usefulness by the means of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy.

Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Augusta Maine Farmer when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Swamp-Root is sold by all druggists the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

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are increasing so rapidly,
because it leaves less in the skim milk,
and more in the cream, than any other separator,
on account of its greater simplicity
and efficiency.

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and fertile. I am anxious to have a good
crop of my ashes, and see if there's not big money
in them. Shipped in Carload Lots in perfect
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Bevelly Street, Boston, Mass.

MAINE CENTRAL

Arrangement of Trains in Effect Oct. 2, 1899

FOR BANGOR: Leave Portland, 6:55

10:25 A. M., 12:30, 11:00 P. M., 7:30 A. M.

(Sun. 1:10 P. M., via Lewiston and Win-

throp; leave Bangor, 12:15, 7:05 and 11:27

days only; leave Bath, 11:45, 7:30 and 10:50

days only; leave Portland, 6:55, 10:25, 11:00

and 7:30 P. M.; leave Lewiston, 12:15, 7:05

and 11:27, 12:15 and 3:20 P. M., 8:05 A. M.

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Poultry.

The man whose chickens are ready to go to market by May 15th to weigh 13½ lbs. dressed will make the biggest profit.

Place your ads. of eggs for sale with the Maine Farmer if you want orders this year. It reaches 12,000 subscribers weekly.

The year 1899 has been the best known for many years for the poultry keeper who was successful in hatching his stock but the year 1900 promises to eclipse all records. The demand for our poultry products from abroad is so great that there is every reason for urging a great increase in the coming crop of chickens.

Don't get wild over incubators and brooders, but take time to read up the question and study different machines. More of these birds will be needed in 1900 than ever, but the man must first know what he wants to do, and then go ahead to do it. The incubator and brooder are becoming a necessity in profitable poultry business.

In placing orders for eggs for hatching it may not be amiss to bear in mind that the man who keeps one or two varieties and breeds them year after year will be more likely to preserve the characteristics of each breed than would be possible if he kept a score or more of breeds. No man can carry the ideal of a dozen breeds and clear distinct and ideals govern in fixing type.

The Farmer would urge upon our fair officials, state and county, that in making the premium lists for 1900 they provide for dressed poultry, old and young, and eggs. If the object is to promote an industry then surely the business side claims our attention. It needs only that good sized show cases be secured and premiums, not large in amount, but scattered over different breeds, be offered for an interest to be awakened which will surely be of profit to the growers and the society as well. Let's get a little nearer practical lines of helpfulness this year, and see what can be accomplished.

The very best results in egg production have been attained by pure breeds. They are far more profitable on a farm or in a breeder's yard than any crosses that can be produced. Of course it entirely remains with the farmer how much profit is to be secured. But if he is a business man he will create a demand for pure-bred eggs for sitting, not only in his own district, but all over the country and this can only be done by advertising. No matter how choice your stock its merits will not be known unless you publish the story to the world. A short, comprehensive, catchy ad. will always attract attention. Try the Maine Farmer this year, not for one week but long enough for people to become acquainted with you and your goods. Then the dollars will flow in.

WHAT CAN HE DO?
Are you breeding poultry for the market? If so, have you figured the sure outcome from the purchase of a pure bred male out of some noted meat making family? Your hens weigh alive four to five pounds, and supposing you bring in a male having large leg, strong bill, pronounced masculinity in the head, with broad, short back, a bird to weigh eight to nine pounds, what would be the natural expectation? Ought you not to add one-half pound to the weight of the chicks at 4 months over what they would weigh if the male had a smaller leg, narrower body and weighed perhaps seven pounds? If you raise 100 chicks to market the investment will pay for itself many times over, while the size and quality of the pullets saved for next year's operations will be vastly improved. But, supposing you are after eggs, and your flocks average this year 130 each, a pretty high average as flocks go. Go out and buy a long, slim bodied male bred from a pen of noted layers, one whose dams and granddams have been heavy egg producers, and the result next year will be at least one dozen per head, and the investment pays a big rate of interest. All this can be done by every man keeping poultry but he must know what he wants and think of some thing more than simply feathers and breed characteristics. Find the man who can back up his statements with the record of growth or production and there place your order. Do not expect to excel in both directions. Be content with one and make it pay in 1900.

WHAT OF THE FLOCK?
The enterprising poultryman is already preparing for the season of 1900 casting about to see where best he can obtain fresh food or secure eggs for hatching. Just at this time a little word of caution fits into the case very nicely. A man grows one hundred or five hundred chicks and from these selects a pair which are prize winners, but what of great majority? Are they above mediocrity? Another brings out a phenomenal egg record made by a single hen but what of the flock? Are all of the hens producing 150 eggs or more? If so, here is the place to stop and purchase. The trouble has been the blue ribbon/high score or great record on the part of a single individual has swept many an inferior family into prominence only to be cast aside as soon as the real test is applied. Somehow we all want breeding birds or eggs direct from the first prize pair and never stop to ask, what of the flock, yet here is the test of merit to

which the industry must be brought. Far better to secure a bird of medium worth from a flock every one as good, than a medium bird from a flock where one or two are extra fine and the remainder only culls. Blood tells and the time has come when the poultry breeder must recognize this not only in measuring purity of strain but growth and productiveness. There is just as much good breeding in a pound of meat or the egg basket as the comb and feathers, and the first two are more profitable to grow. We are caught by the high price paid for the first prize bird and go wild to grow one like it, forgetting that only about one in one hundred gets there. To-day if a man could produce a flock of great producers, every one of them, and prove their right to royal lineage by an ancestry of producers, and their propensity to breed their like the price for the flock would exceed that paid for any pen of fancy markings seen. Combine the two as we may yet the question uppermost must be, what of the flock?

ARE THE BIRDS READY?
By the first of February the live poultryman will be making his matings for the season, in hope of getting early birds for market. Are the breeders ready for business? A single moment will suffice to satisfy that for healthy, rugged chicks to be possible, there must be a superabundance of animal vigor on the part of the parent stock. This vigor must come from physical exercise, the conservation of force. The males intended for breeding should not be allowed to run with the hens until the breeding season opens, else their virile energy is depleted. They should be kept by themselves where they may be made to work for a living, prevented from getting fat or lazy. So, too, the hens, if they have been producing eggs all winter, cannot be in the best condition to give rugged chicks, and neither is this possible if they are made so comfortable as to be taking on fat and having an easy time of it. With them as with the males, work is the sole salvation of the owner.

So to work at once to make ready for business. Clear out the pens and examine the hens. If any are fat, set them one side. Put the flock at work by obliging every one to search diligently for every kernel of food, to scratch from morning until night. If mash is given in the morning, let it be early, and not more than a desert spoonful to a hen, just enough to warm up the crop and invite activity. For the rest of the day, bury the food under straw or clean litter and oblige them to scratch. Feed but very little corn, but rely on oats and wheat.

Hang a cabbage where they must jump to pick it. Feed a little green bone pounded or cut, and out clover in the mash. Remember the whole year's operations depend upon the condition of the parent stock, and that early chickens pay the biggest profit. Keep the birds at work until Feb. 1, whether they lay or not. If fat, reduce the same. Fit them as the race horse is fitted, by careful feeding and plenty of exercise. It will make a vast difference when the first hatched eggs go into the incubator whether the hatch is 10 or 80 per cent. yet the whole problem is practically in your hands to-day. Now is the time to prepare; the next thirty days the golden opportunity. Eggs hatch as soon as hens get out of doors upon the ground. Why? Because they get the exercise which insures fertility and virility. The same can be accomplished in the hen houses by observing the hints here given, and the year made one of profit to every grower in the state. Look after these things now.

THE EVER PRESENT QUESTION.
Elsewhere we touch upon some important points for the poultry keeper to observe under the heading "What of the Flock." In support of the position taken the following from the American Poultry Journal comes as a strong endorsement:

"The question of how to begin in the poultry business is one of importance. There must be beginners or there can be no true fanciers, but a very serious fault exists in many young minds—the very expert to become 'fanciers' at the very start; they imagine that the poultry business consists in merely buying a few good fowl and letting the stock produce some of the same kind. They hold the belief that like produces like, and, therefore, they place a pen of prize winners at work the next season will see them surrounded with a host of equally valuable specimens.

The fact is, the breeding of prize winners is an art. This is owing to several causes. First, the tendency of fowl to revert to type—that is, the strongest element in the blood is the disposition to get back to the original parentage in style, whatever that may have been. This creates a large percentage of inferior birds in every flock.

In the second place, prize winners are in one sense artificial specimens which have no fixed standard. We say this in face of the fact that a Standard of Perfection is published by the recognized authority—the American Poultry Association. But no two judges of fowl agree in their detailed interpretation of that work, and no exact reading can be given. Take the Plymouth Rock, for example. This breed comes nearest to being a satisfactory popular one, but there are few breeders who coincide on the first point, namely, shape. It therefore follows that wide diversity of opinion obtains as to what shall be called worthy of a prize. Even with the established breeds, color and shape are hard to maintain.

These are the principal reasons why novices fail the second year and become discouraged. Experience in the trade and familiarity with the fanciers' trade are essential to success. No man can spring into high place in any business or profession and hold his rank without having a foundation in knowledge.

The way to begin is to take a single breed and study it in the light of public shows; in the yards of admitted fanciers and in one's own yards. Comparison will do wonders, as an educative means. But no beginner should attempt to sell birds as superior stock until he actually knows what other men call good fanciers' stock.

The selling of birds at low price is a mistake. A fancier's fowl is never sold for \$1 or \$1.50. Good birds for egg and meat purposes can be had at that rate, but not the kind that gets the winners at shows. A single specimen may now and then be picked up from a cheap flock that shows phenomenal color, shape and other points, and may be just the bird needed to mate with an established family, but the chances are that it will, in the hands of a novice, catch back to a ruinous weakness. Only confirmed line-bred birds maintain stamina.

If a beginner is contented to start as a beginner, he can pretty surely count on developing into a fancier, but if he jumps to the front without experience he is likely to jump back again out of sight.

This rule holds good with those who aspire to become 'large raisers' in one year. It is safer to spread that ambition over several years. In time the breeder of fowl for market may reasonably calculate on becoming a fancier, but there are lessons to learn all along the way. And the necessary qualities to insure success in any business are perseverance, pluck and industry."

Horse.

Harry Lee, Augusta, knows a good horse when he sees it, and always has something fat and promising to show. Just now it is a pair of 15 hand, light chestnuts with manes and tails to match. When ready for the market they will make a stylish pair.

No one fact goes so far to prove the superiority of Maine horses as that with the small amount of breeding the past five years, there is now developing on the farms of the state a surprisingly large number of good sized, stylish horses. They are to be seen in every community. They will be wanted before spring opens.

The American Sportsman says: "When you produce 220 trotters from family mares, bred to 10 stallions, gooseberries will grow on elderberry bushes. It is true holy writ that men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles." In Maine the great bulk of most noted horses have been bred from family mares; those tried and not found wanting in actual family use; those trained to service for all the family. The mares have been all right, but the hap-hazard method of selecting stallions is what has given such a raft of dead wood in the stalls. Some of the best producing stallions have stood at \$10.00, some of the poorest at many times that fee. It's the horse and not the fee which determines whether the crop is gooseberries or elderberries.

One peculiarity of the return of the horse to favor has been the great impetus given to horseback riding. There are probably more saddle horses in use in Greater New York to-day than in any previous time in its history, and interest in that noblest and best of all forms of exercise is increasing rapidly. Park guards declare there are more saddle horses in the park drives and bridle paths than at any time since the park police system was inaugurated, and this is especially true of the number of women riders. That equine exercise is becoming a fad is shown by the number of beginners, who are quite as numerous as those proficient in the art. "Professors" of equestrianism declare that they have more engagements than they can well fill. There are as many, if not more, men learning to ride than women. Horse dealers say that the large number of beginners has created an abnormal demand for "gaited" horse, and of this class the single-footer is the favorite. This demand is greater than can be supplied, as such horses have to be specially broken and are high-priced. While the single-footer is exorable for women, horsemen find it hard to understand why an able-bodied man will contract the habit of riding an animal with an artificial gait. The movement of a single-footer is less agitating than that of a rocking horse and the exercise is just about as beneficial. Horseback experts declare that the only mount for man or woman is the good old-fashioned square trotter.

A writer in the Stockman describing the methods followed by the dealers in fitting draft and driving stock by putting on flesh has this to say touching what the farmers can do:

"The farmer feeder stands in a different position. The buyer does not want horses before they are four years old and would prefer them five years old. Why can't many farmers in either year, or buy yearlings or two-year-olds? As a rule the best markets are in the fall and early spring, although the demand has kept up surprisingly well this summer. Liberal feeding after harvest will put the horses in shape for the fall market; somewhat less costly feeding, with use of some farm-grown rough forage, will do the rest."

From the date of his birth, ten years ago, and after going through a severe course of training and racing for five years, he is as sound as the day he was foaled, which speaks well for the family he belongs to. Patchen Wilkes, his sire, has the Mammoth-Patchen Wilkes cross, so famous for the great race-horse qualities as well as the high rate of speed that has come from this union through the various sires Wilkes Boy, Baron Wilkes, Guy Wilkes, Simmons, and many others.

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followed by two or three months of full feeding in winter will put them in shape for the spring market.

"The farmer has cheaper foods than the dealer; he has stables or sheds. In many cases he can make some use of the horses while fattening them. He ought to know how to feed, and there seems no good extra \$10 to \$20 profit from the sale of the thoroughly fattened horse.

"Of course the profit will depend in a large degree on having a good horse to feed. Some are so inferior in form that no amount of fat would make them sell well. Possibly it is best in such cases to put them in fair condition and sell at a correspondingly low price. Blemishes count for much. No harm comes from moderate collar or harness marks. On the other hand attempts at 'fancy fixing,' such as tail docking, mane trimming, etc., do not pay and frequently reduce selling price.

ARE THE HORSES READY?
With snow for a foundation, buyers will at once turn to Maine for good stock. Are the horses ready to be sold? Are they in prime, fresh, good heart, ready to show at their best? If so, there's a buyer coming to take them. Buyers are not seeking apologies, and the man whose horse "would be a beauty if fat," or "would weigh 1100 if in condition," or "would be stylish if trained," may just as well leave his goods under the blanket in the barn, unless prepared to sell at low prices. Buyers are looking for finished goods, not immature products. They may pay to develop or fatten, but they only pay low down price. The horse which is at his best, full of life and energy, abounding in nervous force, in prime condition, will command a ready sale. Rear this in mind; the man who will get his horse to market with goods not ready to be delivered, the man who comes home satisfied will be he who just fits the buyer's fancy

Maine Farmer.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1900.

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\$1.50 AFTER 3 MONTHS.

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half than ever.

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tion.
Try the Maine Farmer for one
month.

"I'LL DO WHAT I CAN."

Who takes for his motto, "I'll do what I can,"
shall better the world as he goes down
the life's hill.

The willing young heart makes the capable
man.

And who does what he can, oft can do what
he will.

There's strength in the impulse to help things
along.

And forces undreamed of will come to the
aid.

Of one, who though weak, yet believes he
is strong.

And offers himself to the task unafraid.

"I'll do what I can," is a challenge to fate
And fate must succumb when it's put to
the test.

A heart that is willing to labor and wait,
In its time will come, ever comes out
the best.

It puts the blue tints of depression to rout.
And makes many difficult problems seem
plain.

It mounts over obstacles, dispels doubt,
And unravels knots in life's curious chain.

"I'll do what I can," keeps the progress
machine

In good working order as centuries roll;
And civilization would perish, I ween,
Were those words not written on many
a soul.

They tell the great forests, they furrow
the soil.

They seek new inventions to benefit man.
They fear no exertion, make pasture of toil.
Oh, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what
I can."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"This commonwealth needs a breath-
ing spell for financial recuperation," says
Gov. Crane of Mass. So does Maine.

No news from the far east has been re-
ceived with so much thankfulness as the
gallant rescue of Lieut. Gilmore and party
after nine months' imprisonment
among the insurgents.

The dreaded Bubonic plague is reported
at Manila and Honolulu, and a sus-
pected case is feared in Boston harbor.
If this disease be included in our expan-
sion of territory it will be at terrible
cost.

Detroit, Michigan, has a fighting pa-
rison who is going into the ring to give a
pugilistic exhibition for charity's sake.
It may be that some other preachers
might enjoy a bout with some hard
fisted elders for other reasons.

Can any one figure the burden placed
on the farmers by the wall of the press
and the talk of the platform about low
prices and losing markets? As we merge
out of these conditions the enormity of

the offense against the industry constan-
tly increases.

No wonder the citizens of St. John
showed great enthusiasm when their
brave boys started out the other day
for the report from the Canadian troops
already in the field told of great courage
and heroism.

It is surely to be hoped that the assign-
ment of the Whelan Agricultural
works, Auburn, will be but temporary
as it is a Maine industry in which the
people have been interested because of
the superior quality of work done.

Among the talented writers of Maine
must be ranked Mrs. M. L. Gray, Read-
field, whose address before Androscoggin
Pomona at Wales, upon "Our Opportu-
nity and Influence," to be found on our
seventh page will well repay a careful
reading.

At the New York dairy meeting the
expert gave first premium to a sample of
mottled butter. As the Farmer ex-
presses it in another column, if salt,
color and condition count for nothing
why not strike these sections out of the
score card.

On every hand there is evidence of a
change in public sentiment regarding
farming and farm prosperity. Increased
activity, increasing prices and more fre-
quent sales is the report from every
eastern state. All this means better
days for agriculture.

If the result of the ice combine is to
kill the business in Maine as feared by
the Gardner writer, the wisdom of the
Maine legislature in refusing a charter is
vindicated and the position of those who
clamored for an open door for trusts in
Maine will be fully understood.

It is officially announced that all the
nations have committed themselves to
the binding compact which insures the
"open door" for business in China. This
has been accomplished through the un-
tiring efforts of Secretary of State Hay,
and is the great commercial step of the
year.

The milliners have organized to make
a strong fight before Congress to kill the
bill introduced by Senator Hoar for the
protection of our song birds. Why isn't
here a good opportunity for an influence
to be exerted to save these important
helps to the farm and orchard as well as
pleasure bearers to every individual?

Are you availing yourself of the bene-
fits made possible by the state through
the traveling libraries? If so there is
reason for thankfulness over what the
state is doing and if not, then write at
once to the state librarian for instruc-
tions how to proceed. Good books are
always friends and companions who help
and never harm.

Touchoing the liquor question Gov.
Crane of Massachusetts in his inaugural
address makes the following short
sentence: "Attempts are made nearly
every year to repeal or modify provisions
of the laws regulating the sale of intoxi-
cating liquors. I urge that the restric-
tive features of those laws be preserved
without abatement or modification." All
that the next Governor of Maine need
add to this is to pledge a fair, just and
impartial execution of the law now on
our statute books.

Christian Science, like some other
fakes, seems to pay well. Mrs. Mary
Baker Eddy of Concord, N. H., the
Christian Scientist, has given her son,
George Oliver of South Dakota, a Chris-
tian present consisting of a check for
\$10,000 and a clear title to a \$15,000
dwelling house, which is the most palat-
ial in the Black Hills. It is strange how
these people who profess to believe in
the non existence of matter, still cling to
material things of a valuable nature.
This shows how difficult it is to be con-
sistent.

Those who sneer at our political stan-
dards will find little comfort in the strong
moral position taken by two important
Congressional committees the past week,
one denying the right to a seat in the
House to Polyanth Robert of Utah
and the other refusing to accept the cre-
dentials of Senator Quay of Pennsylvania.
Let these committees be sustained and a
better atmosphere will prevail through-
out the body politic. The fact is the
evils which are so often noted arise lar-
gely from neglect of the great body of the
people to make their moral influence felt.

On the second page we present this
week a full abstract of an able address
upon the subject, "Is it for the advan-
tage of the United States to retain sov-
erignty in the Philippines?" by Hon. Al-
bion A. Ferry, Somerville, Mass., a Maine
boy, born in Standish and educated at
Monmouth Academy. Whether in sym-
pathy with his position or not, the well
arranged arguments will command com-
petent attention. We shall present in the
near future an address by another Som-
erville gentleman presenting the opposite
side of the question, that these argu-
ments for and against the expected pol-
icy of the government may be weighed in
the balances by the readers of the Farmer.

This country has lost two of its noted
leaders during the past twelve months,
Robert Ingersoll and Dwight L. Moody.
Both have held pronounced opinions re-
garding faith, destiny and belief. Ingersoll
attracted by the quality of his life, the
purity of his thought and the sure
evidence of sincerity, but he was destruc-
tive rather than constructive and there-
fore failed to exert any cohesive force.

His followers were quite known only as
doubters. Ingersoll failed in that his
work ceased when he had destroyed
faith in the future. Moody attracted by
his strong personality, the strength and
logic of his thought and the honesty of
his great purpose. He clung to old con-
ceptions of God, duty and destiny but he
drew thousands about him through his
constructive logic, planting firmly in
their hearts a great hope for both the
present and future. Moody will live
long after Ingersoll is forgotten not be-
cause of greater talents but simply be-

SPECIAL OFFER.

The remarkable increase in our
subscription list during the past
few months is very gratifying, and
though we have now reached the
12,000 mark, it is our desire to
swell the list to 20,000 before
spring.

With the subscription price at
only \$1.00 a year, the Maine Far-
mer is giving more live reading
matter than any other paper, but
that we may serve our subscrib-
ers in every way possible, this
GREAT OFFER is made, to
remain open for a brief period.

FOR \$1.50 we will send the
Maine Farmer one year, the Wo-
man's Home Companion, an ele-
gant monthly, one year, and the
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trated, a volume of 350 pages; or,

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Housekeeper, one of the best home
monthlies, one year, and the Buck-
eye Cook Book, 535 pages.

Here are the greatest offers ever
made, and they well merit im-
mediate acceptance. Send in your
orders and secure these grand pre-
miums while swelling the influ-
ence of the agricultural and home
paper of Maine.

DON'T DELAY.

cause of positive service for humanity.
The world has never been and never
will be by negations. It rises out for some-
thing positive, something to believe,
something to do.

A GREAT PROBLEM AND GROWING EVIL.

Among the public questions which
must be met, discussed and in some way
either settled or placed under control,
that of trusts and combines is today the
most formidable. So complex is the
question, both as relates to the individ-
ual, the state and nation, that it is very
easy to sidetrack judgment and get
mystified over the real issue. Money
has power, corporations have rights, the
genesis of trusts cannot be called in
question; but when that power is ex-
ercised to crowd out, when corporations
attempt to check competition, when
trusts begin to dictate production in
order to fix exorbitant prices, then the
strong hand of the law, backed by
public opinion, must be exerted to
guard public interests.

Nothing has been written which more
clearly sets forth the situation than the
following from the inaugural address of
Governor Roosevelt of New York, and
while lengthy, no portion can well be
abridged. It presents the questions so
fairly that it merits careful study.

The contrast offered in a highly
specialized industrial community be-
tween the very rich and the very poor,"
says the Governor, "is exceedingly dis-
tressing, and while under normal condi-
tions the acquisition of wealth by an in-
dividual is necessarily of great incidental
benefit to the community as a whole, yet
this is by no means always the case. In
our great cities there is plainly in evi-
dence much wealth contrasted with
much poverty, and some of the wealth
has been acquired, or is used, in a man-
ner for which there is no moral justifica-
tion."

In further discussion of the subject
the Governor says in part: "Probably
the large majority of the fortunes that
now exist in this country have been
amassed, not by injuring mankind, but
as an incident to the conferring of great
benefits on the community—whatever
the conscious purpose of those amassing
them may have been. The occasional
wrongs committed for injuries endured
are on the whole far outweighed by the
mass of good which has resulted. The
true questions to be asked are:—

"Has any given individual been injured
by the acquisition of wealth by any man?
Were the rights of that individual, if
they have been violated, insufficiently
protected by law?" If so, these rights
and all similar rights ought to be guar-
anteed by additional legislation. The
point to be aimed at is the protection of
the individual against wrong, not the at-
tempt to limit and hamper the acqui-
sition and output of wealth.

"It is almost equally dangerous either
to blink at evils and refuse to acknowl-
edge their existence or to strike at them
in a spirit of ignorant revenge, thereby
doing far more harm than is remedied.
It is well to remember, on the one hand,
that the adoption of what is reasonable
in the demands of reformers is the surest
way to prevent the adoption of what is
unreasonable, and on the other hand,
that many of the worst and most dan-
gerous laws which have been put upon the
statute books have been put there by
zealous reformers with excellent inten-
tions."

"Trusts—This problem has a hundred
phases. The relation of the capitalist
and the wage-worker makes one; the
proper attitude of the state towards ex-
treme poverty another; the proper atti-
tude of the state towards the ownership
and running of so-called public utilities,
a third. But among all of these phases,
the one which at this time has the
greatest prominence is the question of
what are commonly termed 'trusts,'
meaning by the name, those vast com-
binations of capital, usually flourishing by
virtue of some monopolistic element,
which have become so startlingly com-
mon a feature in the industrial revolu-
tion which has progressed so rapidly
during recent years."

"Every new feature of the industrial
revolution produces hardship, but in its
later stages it has been literally a

revolution instead of an evolution. The
new inventions and discoveries and the
new methods of taking advantage of the
business facilities afforded by the extra-
ordinary development of our material
civilization have caused the changes to
proceed with such marvelous rapidity
that at each stage some body of workers
finds itself unable to accommodate itself
to the new conditions with sufficient
speed to escape hardship. In the end
the accommodation of the class takes
place; at times too late for the well be-
ing of many individuals. In some cases
while recognizing the evil, it is impos-
sible with our present knowledge to dis-
cover any remedy. In others, remedy
can be applied, but as yet only at a cost
that would make it worse than the
trouble itself.

"The machinery of modern business is
so vast and complicated that great cau-
tion must be exercised in introducing
radical changes for fear the unforeseen
effect may take the shape of widespread
disaster. Moreover, much that is com-
plained about is not really the abuse so
much as the inevitable development of
our modern industrial life."

"Many of the anti-trust laws which
have made their appearance on the sta-
tute books of recent years have been al-
most or absolutely ineffective because
they have blinked at the all-important
fact that much of what they thought to
do away with was incidental to modern
industrial conditions and could not be
eliminated unless we were willing to
turn back the wheels of modern progress
and also eliminating the forces which had
brought about these industrial condi-
tions. Not only trusts, but the immense
importance of machinery, the congestion
of city life, the capacity to make large
fortunes by speculative enterprises, and
many other features of modern existence
could be thoroughly changed by doing
away with steam and electricity, but the
most ardent denouncer of trusts would
hesitate to advocate so drastic a remedy.
What remains for us to do as practical
men, is to look the conditions squarely
in the face and not to permit the emo-
tional side of the question, which has its
proper place, to blind us to the fact
that there are other sides. We must set
about finding out what the real abuses
are, with their causes, and to what ex-
tent remedies can be applied."

"To say that the present system of
haphazard license and lack of supervi-
sion and regulation is the best possible,
is absurd. The men who endeavor to
prevent the remedying of real abuses,
not only show callous disregard for the
suffering of others, but also weaken
those who are anxious to prevent the
adoption of indiscriminate would-be
remedies which would subvert our whole
industrial fabric. The chicanery and the
dishonesty, even though not techni-
cally illegal methods, through which
some great fortunes have been made, are
scandals to our civilization. The man
who by swindling or wrong doing ac-
quires great wealth for himself at the
expense of his fellow, stands as low
morally as any predatory medieval
noblemen and is a more dangerous mem-
ber of society. Any law, and any meth-
od of constraining the law which will en-
able the community to punish him either
by taking away his wealth or by impris-
onment, should be welcomed. Of course,
such laws are even more needed in deal-
ing with great corporations or trusts
than with individuals. They are needed
quite as much for the sake of honest
corporations as for the sake of the pub-
lic. The corporation that manages its
affairs honestly has a right to demand
protection against the dishonest corpora-
tion."

The first essential is knowledge of the
facts—publicity. Much can be done at
once by amendment of the corporation
laws so as to provide for such publicity
as will not work injustice as between
business rivals.

"The chief business abuses alleged to
arise from trusts are probably the fol-
lowing: Misrepresentation or conceal-
ment regarding material facts connected
with the organization of an enterprise;
the evils connected with unscrupulous
promotion; over-capitalization; unfair
competition resulting in the crushing
out of competitors who themselves do
not act improperly; raising of prices
above fair competitive rates and the
wielding of increased power over the
wage earners. Some of these evils
could be partially remedied by a modifi-
cation of our corporation law; here we
can safely go along the lines of the more
conservative New England states and
probably not a little farther. Such laws
will themselves provide the needed pub-
licity and the needed circumstantiality
of statement. We should know, author-
itatively whether stock represents actual
value of plants, or whether it represents
brands or good will, or if not, what it
does represent, if anything. It is de-
sirable to know how much was actually
bought, how much was issued free and
to whom, and if possible, for what rea-
son. This would enable us to see just
what the public have a right to expect
in the way of service and taxation.

"Where a trust becomes a monopoly
the state has an immediate right to in-
terfere. The state, for the protection
of the public, should exercise the right
to inspect, to examine thoroughly all
the workings of great corporations just
as is now done with banks and wherever
the interests of the public demand it, it
should publish the results of its exami-
nation."

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

It will be remembered that last April
Lieut. Gilmore and party from the York
town were captured by the Filipinos
about Manila, while seeking to rescue a
lot of Spanish soldiers who were sur-
rounded by the insurgents.

The fate of the party at that time was
unknown, because the insurgents re-
fused to communicate.

It was not until May 2d that any au-
thentic information was secured. It
then came from Maj. Arguella of the
staff of Gen. Antonio Luna, in the shape
of a list of the missing men signed by
Lieut. Gilmore. The prisoners had been
taken from Balser across the moun-
tains.

Since that time two of the party es-
caped from their captors, and after great

hardships reached Manila and reported
for duty on their vessel. They walked
nearly all the distance across the moun-
tains.

On the opening of the campaign in
northern Luzon, which began at the
close of the recent rainy season, a de-
termined effort was made to rescue the
American prisoners. In many respects
the chase resembles the famous feat of
Lawton's, when with a plucky band of
soldiers, whose horses had long since
given out under the severe campaign, he
followed the bloody Apache chief,
Geronimo, through the mountains of the
Northwest, and beat the Indians at their
own game and captured the Indian chief
and his followers.

Col. Hare of the 33d regiment and
Lieut. Col. Howes of the 34th regiment
pursued the same tactics. They early
got track of the insurgent band which
was in charge of the prisoners, and fol-
lowed with a dogged persistency, which
was finally crowned with success. The
pursuit has been in the mountainous re-
gion of the island, where the difficulties
were almost unsurmountable, but where
the feeble natives went on their trail,
many times only 24 hours behind, as
was indicated by brief messages left
by the prisoners as a guide to the pursu-
ing party.

The Yankee soldiers under Col. Hare
and Howes fairly walked the Filipino
natives off their feet, and that, too, when
the natives were trained to that life and
in their own country.

Gen. Otis says in his official dispatch
that it was a "remarkable achievement."

The story told by Lieut. Gilmore is
one of hardship and deprivation, as well
as great danger. He says: "The Filipinos
abandoned us on the night of Dec. 16. We had reached the
Abulut river near the source that morn-
ing and the Filipinos rafted us over.
We then went down the stream, along
a rough trail, guarded by a company of
Filipinos. That night we were separated
from this guard, and another company,
armed with Mausers, was put in charge
of us. I suspected something and ques-
tioned the lieutenant in command. He
said: 'I have orders from Gen. Tino to
shoot you all, but my conscience forbids.
I shall leave you here.'

I begged him for two rifles to protect
us from savages, adding that I would
give him letters to the Americans, who
would pay him well and keep him all
at home. He refused this, however,
saying that he would not dare to comply.
Soon afterward he left with his company."

We had seen some savages in a
point around us and we prepared to fight
them with cobblestones, the only
weapons that were available to us. The
next morning we followed the trail of
the Filipino soldiers, feeling that it was
better to stick to them than to be mur-
dered by savages, but we could not catch
up with them. Then I ordered the men
to build rafts, in the hope of floating
down the river. It was a forlorn hope,
but I knew the river must empty into
the sea somewhere. I was so weak my-
self that I did not expect to get out, but
I thought some of the men could.

On the morning of Dec. 18, while we
were working on the rafts, the Ameri-
cans came towards us yelling. One of
my men shouted, 'They are on us.' I,
however, knew it was not the yell of savages,
but the yell of Americans. The rescuing
troops thought we had Filipino guards,
and called to us in English to lie down,
so that they could shoot the Filipinos.
That was the finest body of officers and
men I ever saw."

Lieut. Gilmore could not speak en-
thusiastically enough about the 140
picked men who had rescued him and his
party. The command spent the day
in making rafts. Col. Hare thought
Lieut. Gilmore too weak to live through
the trip, but there was no alternative.
They shot many rapids, the men losing
all their effects and Lieut. Gilmore some
valuable papers. Only 14 out of 37 rafts
survived the first night's experiences and
80 men were practically unable to walk
when Vigas was reached.

Describing the flight from Benguet
towards the Americans, Lieut. Gilmore
said: "The Filipinos, completely terrified,
left Benguet on Dec. 17. They hurried
the prisoners from town to town, often
retracing the trail, not knowing where
the Americans would attack. After
being almost lost in the forest for three
days, they killed several horses, and we
lived on horse flesh for several days. I
did not have a full meal from Dec. 7 until
I reached Vigas. Indeed, the rescuing
party lived largely upon rice without
salt. There was one day when I was re-
duced to chewing grass and bark."

While we were in the hands of Gen.
Tino's men, he issued an order that any
person aiding an American, by food or
money should be treated as a criminal.
One citizen of Vigas, Senor Vera, was
probably killed for befriending us. We
should have starved but for the kindness
of some of the residents of the towns and
some of the Filipino colonists, but others
treated us brutally. Wherever there
was a prison, we were kept there. When
there was no prison, they would lodge
us in a convent. We suffered greatly
from want of exercise as well as lack of
food."

For weeks Lieut. Gilmore was cov-
ered with boils and in great pain. When
the Filipinos found the Americans were
approaching, the treatment became bet-
ter. There was a sign painter in the
party and he painted advertisements on
the rocks throughout the retreat with
other emblems, like a skull and the
word "Vengeance," by means of which
the Americans were able to follow.

The Filipino treatment of the Span-
iards, said Lieut. Gilmore, "was brutal
in the extreme. The insurgents had
old grudges to wipe out against them.
Many talk about the reconcentration
in Cuba, but I have seen Spaniards dying
at the rate of two or three per day of
starvation in the hospitals at Vigas.
I have seen Tagalo officers strike Span-
iards in the face with whips and re-
volvers."

Lieut. Gilmore declined to speak re-
garding political conditions except to
say that he thought the insurrection
would continue as long as there were any
Tagalos left.

PROTECTION FROM FRAUD.

Representatives of the National Dairy
union met at Chicago, Saturday, to out-
line a programme in the interest of the
passage of important food and dairy bills
now pending before Congress. Among
those present were H. O. Williams, state
dairy and food commissioner, W. D.
Hoar, president, and Chas. Knight,
secretary of the National Dairy union.
The Grout bill providing for an increase
of 10 cents a pound on colored butterine
will be one of the measures considered.

"The stupid dishonesty of the Ameri-
can policy has lost us an immense
foreign market. In 1880 we shipped to
England \$15,000,000 worth of cheese.
Then we began to make 'filled' cheese
and in 1890 our exports to England were
\$3,000,000 worth of cheese."

"Canada has laws that secure pure
foods. She saw her opportunity and
has taken the English market from us.
She exported in 1890 \$17,000,000 worth
of cheese. The figures prove that sound
ethics are good commerce. Fraud re-
sults in loss of trade. What we want to
do is to provide against counterfeits and
gradually regain our trade."

"The value of the dairy products of
the United States is \$800,000,000 a year.
Wisconsin produced \$35,000,000 worth.
Now these vast interests do not demand
any protection but that against fraud
and counterfeits. When I was Governor
I received many letters from chambers
of commerce abroad from Bristol and
Glasgow, inquiring into the fraudulent
cheese and butter we are sending abroad.
The dairy product of the whole Pacific
coast is now going across the Pacific to
the countries of the Far East. Are we
going by stupid dishonesty, to lose that
market at Australia, as we have nearly
lost the Wisconsin market to Canada?"
One thing will be necessary, that regard-
less of individual sentiment there must
be hearty and united support of the
measures finally adopted and policy
mapped out. It will be a hard fight for
the bogus butter men are united and
have plenty of national backing. Write
your Senators and Representatives in
Congress what your best interests de-
mand. Keep them posted and the out-
come will be all right. The influence of
the Maine butter maker must be joined
to that from every other section.

City News.

—Dr. R. J. Martin has been appointed
health officer by Mayor Lane. Dr. Davies
having resigned.

—We are glad to be able to report our
fellow citizen, W. E. S. Whitman im-
proving, after his long illness, and hope
for a complete recovery.

—The First National Bank at its annual
meeting elected the following directors:
Oscar Holway, James W. North, Len-
dall Titcomb, Joseph H. Manley and M.
S. Holway; president, Oscar Holway;
cashier, C. S. Hitchborn.

—No city in Maine is better equipped
for business than Augusta and we doubt
if any can show a better record for the
past six months. Our business men
know how to cater for trade and they are
attending strictly to business.

—The symphony concert Tuesday
evening by Callahan's orchestra was a
rich treat to the large audience, and
evidenced the increasing interest being
taken in choice music, the outcome
largely of the excellent work done by
the Augusta chorus.

County News.

—Clinton village is to be lighted by
street lights provided by the generosity
of the business men.

—The beautiful new clock on Hallo-
well City Hall was presented by Mr.
Henry L. Dole, Haverhill, Mass.

"Strike For Your Altars and Your Fires."

Patriotism is always commendable, but in every breast there should be not only the desire to be a good citizen, but to be strong, able bodied and well fitted for the battle of life. To do this, pure blood is absolutely necessary, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one specific which cleanses the blood thoroughly. It acts equally well for both sexes and all ages.

Humor—"When I need a blood purifier I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures my humor and is excellent as a nerve tonic." Josie Eaton, Stafford Springs, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Point is

and for 40 years the fact has been daily proved and verified. The True "L.R." Atwood's Bitters.

You can make a "GOOD IMPRESSION" on anything you wish to mark, by using one of our FAIR CUSHION RUBBER STAMPS. Stencils, Pads, Seals, Check Pencils, Etc., at lowest prices. Send for circulars. FLETCHER & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Classified Ads.

N. B. Hereafter, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements will be inserted under this general head at one cent a word, and will be given a position. No displayed advertisement, other than the above, will be inserted in this department. Advertisers must invariably be in advance.

CRANDSON of Exile of St. Lambert, out of the fine cow, Meadville, Me. Send for circulars. H. S. Usher, South Portland, Me.

BEAUTIFUL large, colored pictures at low prices. Each picture size 10x12. Sample copy sent on receipt of 50c. \$1.00 for beautiful gold tinted. Write today. Address A. W. BURNHAM, Artist, Box 6, Curtis Corner, Me.

BOOKS ON FREE-MASONRY. Send for catalogue. S. H. MASONIC BOOK CO., 2457 McMillen Ave., Cincinnati, O. 45211.

BROZE TURKEYS raised on the hills of Vermont. Fine flock this year. J. F. Heston, Way, Me.

A. J. C. COWS FOR SALE. Little Pease, 1012229, dropped March 13, 1894; Little Pease, 114674, dropped March 10, 1894. Both are due to calve the last of January. Very rich and persistent milkers. C. F. Conn, Mt. Pleasant Farm, South Vassalboro, Me.

WANTED—Energetic young man on milk route near Portland, Me. Must give satisfactory references as to ability, moral character, etc. Address G. L. LIBBY, Portland, Me.

WANTED A good, experienced farm hand. Permanent situation. Address F. B. FRENCH, 2457 McMillen Ave., Cincinnati, O. 45211.

FINE-BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogue. 100 engravings. N. P. Boyer & Co., Castonville, Me.

DAGS—We will buy custom made meat bags, gluten, rain, middlings and flour sacks and take the freight. SAGADAHOC FERTILIZER CO., Bowdoinham, Me.

PRIME Egg case illustrated circular and price list free. Agent Wanted. E. A. PARKER, FORT JUNCTION, Mass.

NORTH FAYETTE. Mrs. D. D. Gordon, who has been confined to her room by illness, is at present convalescent.—Mr. L. Cheney of West Mt. Vernon was, on Sunday last, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gile.—Ice cutting is the order of the day at present. Mr. R. H. Philbrick having secured his year's supply, which, he says, is of excellent quality and about a foot thick.—Mrs. Fred Philbrick and a little daughter were visitors of her father, Mr. James Jones, several days recently.—Mr. W. H. Teal of Jay Bridge, accompanied by Mr. C. W. Clark of Kennebunk, a civil engineer in employ of the United States Government, was a caller, Monday evening, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. West.—Mr. Mark Stevens was on Friday last week, the guest of his son Joshua, at Chesterville Mills.—Several of the friends and neighbors of Mr. James Jones met at his home on Monday, this week, and cut and baled his year's supply of wood. This act of kindness was much appreciated by Mr. Jones, who has been in very poor health during the fall and winter.

PERSONAL.—The candidacy of Hon. J. F. Hill, of Augusta, for Governor has been officially announced and all indications point to an unanimous nomination in the Convention. Dr. Hill is a broad minded, cultured gentleman, and, if elected, will faithfully endeavor to serve the best interests of the state in every way possible.

—Hon. W. J. Bryan of Nebraska will visit Maine the last of January and deliver one or two political addresses.

—We are glad to be able to report an improvement in the condition of Bro. L. F. Abbott of Lewiston, sick with a fever. Maine has no more faithful or painstaking student or writer on agricultural topics, and his services will be needed for years. May his recovery be speedy and complete.

—By the death of Hon. L. T. Boothby, Waterville, which occurred Tuesday at the age of 81 years, the city, county and the state loses a well known, upright, influential and honorable citizen. It was always his proud boast, and a just cause for pride, that he was one of the few men who united in the call for the held Republican convention, which was held in Portland in 1858. A widow and two sons, Col. F. E. Boothby and W. A. R. Boothby survive him.

For the land's sake—use Bowker's fertilizer.

State News.

Edward Plummer, a prominent citizen of Androscoggin county, died at his home at Lisbon Falls, Sunday, at the age of 70.

The Warren mills, Westbrook, have adopted the eight hour system for their crews, with full pay. Here is evidence of a good time coming.

They are shipping pulp wood from Washington county to South Gardiner. The opening up of the new railroad is to revolutionize our down east county of Maine.

Mr. Frank W. Palmer, one of the leading lumber manufacturers of Lincoln county, died at his home in Alna, Friday, from blood poisoning, resulting from the removal of a soft corn.

Loren W. Blake has been indicted by the Waldo county grand jury for burning the house of Hollis Howard, and for attempting to burn the house of his son, Ralph Howard, at Montville Centre.

Rufus C. Ingraham, one of Rockland's old residents, died suddenly, Saturday, aged 70. He was a son of Joseph and Nancy Spear Ingraham, and his occupation was that of a farmer and lime-burner.

The Republican convention to nominate delegates to the convention at Philadelphia, to nominate a President, will be held in Lewiston in April, and the convention to nominate a governor, in Bangor, June 27.

It is currently reported that Gov. Powers will not make an appointment in the case of clerk of courts in Lincoln county, where Mr. Creamer resigned a few months ago, until after the county convention in June.

The Presque Isle Hotel was totally destroyed by fire, Monday morning. Loss, \$14,000. The fire broke out about 3 A. M., but the guests escaped in safety, the cook being the only one injured. She jumped from a chamber window, and one leg was broken.

The Fish and Game Commissioners propose making a very large exhibit at the coming Sportsmen's Show in Boston, including a miniature pond stocked with trout with a chance for fishermen to try their luck. This is done to advertise our fish and game interests.

The following officers were elected at the session of the Maine Pedagogical Association in Bangor: President, Miss Mary S. Snow, Bangor; vice president, F. W. Johnson, Waterville; secretary and treasurer, C. F. Cook, Augusta; corresponding secretary, F. C. Ball, Bangor. Department presidents and committees on instruction, three councillors and members of advisory board were also appointed.

NORTHFIELD. The storm of Jan. 1 was severe in this part of the county.—Abbie A., wife of Everett H. Roberts, died Dec. 20, after an illness of many months.—Quite a number from this place attended the Christmas concert at Wesley.—Miss Edith Smith is attending school at Cherryfield.—Miss Ethel Harmon is visiting friends at Machias.—Dwight Smith and Herman Stuart are attending school in Machias.

Dr. Theodore L. Estabrook, the oldest physician in Knox county, died at his residence in Rockland, Friday. He was 67 years old. Dr. Estabrook had been in poor health for two or three years, but had been confined to his room only three weeks. He was born in Camden, the son of the late Dr. Joseph Estabrook, a well known physician. The deceased was educated in the Camden schools and at the North Yarmouth Academy.

The worst fire for years occurred at Portland, Saturday morning, when the four-story block just below the post office, occupied by F. O. Bailey & Co., was totally destroyed, and four firemen, William Cannon, John Lombard, Driver Stickey and Capt. Fowler, were injured, the injuries to Cannon and Stickey being very severe and dangerous. Cannon's hip was broken and he received internal injuries by the falling of a coping, and Stickey's injuries, received by slipping on the ice, were also of a serious character. The total loss will be \$100,000.

The annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association was held in Bangor, Jan. 1. The following officers were elected: President, P. O. Vickery, Augusta; vice presidents, A. M. Spear, Gardiner; F. H. Appleton, Bangor; W. F. Frye, Lewiston; J. F. Hill, Augusta; Col. L. K. Steaton, Bangor; Col. H. E. Hamlin, Ellsworth; Charles E. Oak, Caribou; secretary and treasurer, Col. E. C. Farrington, Augusta; directors, P. O. Vickery, E. C. Farrington, Victor M. O. Farland, G. G. Weld, W. S. Choate, J. F. Sprague, J. N. Merrill; director for the state, A. M. Goddard.

WASHINGTON. Delbert Turner found

his horse, Saturday, with a manure fork sticking through his hind leg; he is quite a valuable horse.—The Ancient Order of United Workmen publicly installed their officers last Thursday night.—A. L. Grotton and Mrs. James W. Jones are on the sick list.—Levi T. Marr, who has been in trade at Rizzville for more than thirty years, is closing out his entire stock of goods. He has been one of the most popular merchants in this vicinity. He will pay all of his attention to his farm.—Mrs. Rose Cunningham has gone to Mass. to visit her children.

Seventy of the converts at Shiloh started forth Saturday without staff or scrip to evangelize the world, having been pronounced ready for the work by chief evangelist Sanford. As evidence of their complete preparation it is said that about Thanksgiving day there was an extraordinary session of prayer at the temple. The worshippers remained on their knees from 10 in the morning until 10 at night without eating. During all that time there was constant prayer and testimony. Last week at the close of the year there was a still more notable season of worship. From 10 in the morning until 2 o'clock the next morning the faithful of the crusade were on their knees in rapt devotion. During that time no food was eaten.

BINDTOS. Ice cutting has begun on Highland land.—There is very little snow in this section, but lots of business done on it.—Mrs. Alice Briggs is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Smith.—George R. Pendexter and Miss Mabel G. Thompson, both of this place, were married Dec. 27, and will live on his farm in New Limington.—George Brooks and Leiland Wentworth have taken pine timber to cut, owned by Byron Kimball, now deceased.—Miss Belle P. Stone of Boston has been visiting her brothers, Marshall and Melville Stone.—Frank Stone started, Jan. 8, for Boston, to attend Bardett's Business College.—Frank Libby and sons, George and Myron, are drawing lots of bark to the tannery.—Perry Murphy is again clerking for Dr. Stevens in his drug store.—Howard Hilton is nearly through logging in Fryeburg and intends to take another job in Conway, N. H.—John A. Smith is cutting wood for Marshall Stone.—Lots of people in the Burnham neighborhood have to haul water for their cattle, while others drive them some ways.

Chase & Sanborn's Teas.

One pound makes over 200 cups.

Chase & Sanborn's Teas.

General News.

Ex. Pres. Cole of the Globe Bank, Boston, who it is charged has taken out almost a million, was arrested in California last week and brought home, where he will be tried.

If it is true as stated, that in Porto Rico but 10 per cent. of the population are able to read and write, it will be some time in the future before the island is likely to have a statehood in American Union.

Kentucky is now passing through the same experience as Maine in 1870 and '80 when charges of bribery were made and attempts put forth to get control of the state. The legislature has assembled, the democrats are in power, a democratic U. S. Senator, Blackburn, has been elected and now it is the official head of the Governor which is the target. Such are politics.

The present session of Congress opens with a contest for a seat by the Mormon representative and the contest by the state officials of Montana against Senator-elect Clark, it being openly charged that he purchased his seat paying ten thousand dollars or more for individual votes. The report in the Roberts case has not been made, but is understood to be against granting the seat to a man with plural wives.

The situation about Ladysmith is indeed grave. The Boers are strongly entrenched in the surrounding hills and it is realized that the English troops in the besieged city cannot long withstand such attacks as have been made during the past week. So far the attempts to dislodge have failed and the British have suffered heavy loss. Evidently there is a long struggle before peace will be proclaimed.

An illustrating what enormous legal fees are allowed by courts and fixed by friendly legislation, it has just been announced that Robert T. Lincoln and Norman B. Ream, Chicago, executors of the estate of the late George M. Pullman, have been allotted as compensation for their services the sum of \$425,000. The order was entered by Judge Bates in the probate court. This is said to be the largest amount in fees ever allowed executors of an estate handled by the probate court in that state.

The report of the Roberts committee

TEASE, TEASE.



We have all had experience with this kind of tease.

Do not want any more of it. It makes life a burden.

We are glad to be rid of it at any price. Chase & Sanborn's Teas, on the contrary, make life a joy, and yet are sold at a price that is within the reach of all.

Whoever once uses Chase & Sanborn's package teas experiment no further.

The name of this reliable firm that has gained its reputation by giving to the public the best that money could buy, is a sufficient guarantee of the excellent quality of their package teas.

Because they are properly packed you can get the rich flavor necessary to a perfect tea—you will find no scraggy, coarse leaves picked from plants improperly cared for. Every leaf is perfect.

Reliable because they come direct to you in the original package, in pound and half pound, air-tight, leaded forms.

Any of the varieties are good. The choice is given you as your taste may dictate. For instance the Kohinor, an English Breakfast Tea of fine quality, the Orloff, a Formosa Oolong with a delicate lilac flavor, the Orange Pekoe, an India and Ceylon tea with a rich, wine-like body.

Chase & Sanborn's Teas.

will be unanimous as to the facts and also unanimous that Roberts shall not retain his seat. But there will be two reports as to his right to be sworn in.

A minority report will be made by Mr. Myers (Dem.) of Indiana, to the effect that Roberts should be sworn in, but after that should be expelled. Chairman Taylor of the committee says that this course of swearing in a man only to reject him is like admitting a lion into a room with a crowd of people with the purpose of putting the lion out again.

One of the saddest events connected with the war in the far east is the sending home of the following soldiers pronounced hopelessly insane: Sergt. Thos. F. Collins, C. 6th infantry; Sergt. Owen H. Wiseman, hospital corps; Priv. Thomas F. Barry, hospital corps; Anton Barber, E. 4th infantry; Michael Gallagher, C. 23d infantry; George M. Barton, C. 4th cavalry; Walter A. O'Neil, F. 6th artillery; Louis Ford, L. 4th infantry; Erick Muller, B. 6th infantry; David E. Young, A. 17th infantry; Frank Thayer, L. 17th infantry; George W. Decker, E. 18th infantry; Joseph Hoffman, E. 22d infantry; George J. Nixon, L. 12th infantry. Nearly all of these men lost their minds as a result of campaigning in the Philippines.

To prove the value of corn and educate a love for the same, the American officials at the Paris exposition will arrange for a cooking school, in full sight of visitors, where will be cooked and given away samples of the many dishes which may be prepared from the thirty or more food products made from corn on the cob to corn bread, cake, mush and the various substantial and delicacies that may be made from this grain. The demonstration will be under the management of Charles R. Dodge, Director of Agriculture, Horticulture and Food Products, and will be inaugurated by Col. Clark E. Carr of Waterville, Ill., President of the American Meat Propaganda, and B. W. Snow, editor of the Orange Judd Farmer, Chicago.

The United States navy has taken possession of another island in the east. The news of the seizure was contained in the following dispatch from Admiral Watson: "On Dec. 21, Wenzbang, commanding the Albay (a light gunboat), hoisted the flag on Sibutu island, and the chief, Dato, provided and raised the pole. Natives and north Borneo authorities pleased." Sibutu island lies at the southwestern angle of the boundary line of the quadrangle inclosing the Philippine group. It is probably, but not positively, outside of the line, and lies very near the coast of Borneo, commanding the principal channel between that island and the Philippines. The sultan of Jolo, whose group is close on to this island, is believed to claim jurisdiction over it, and as his authority is recognized by the native tribes on the north coast of Borneo and vicinity, it is believed that his claim is well founded.

The pushing of America's industries upon foreign markets naturally excites the jealousy of other nations. The London Spectator publishes an article entitled "Germany and the Monroe Doctrine," in which it says: "America and not England is the rival in German opinion. It is with America and not England that Germany realizes she must struggle for supremacy, realizing that the United States at the moment lies across its path and that unless she is able to reckon with America on equal terms she will not become the world power of the future that she desires to be." It is said that Emperor William counts upon the German vote in the United States to help him when his new navy is ready to carry out his South American expansion idea, especially in Brazil. The Spectator then warns the United States that if it intends to uphold the Monroe Doctrine in the future it must not go to sleep over it now, but prepare to support a navy and army equal to the strain of

maintaining a policy so tremendous. If not, she is certain to suffer great humiliation at the hands of "the patient, efficient and persistent Germany," adding: "When the hour comes Germany won't be bluffing into respect of Monroeism. She will call the Americans' fleet and if the fleet is no higher than hers Germany will act."

FARMERS' INSTITUTE IN ANDOVER, COGGIN COUNTY.

The series of institutes for this county was held, last week, beginning at Vales, Tuesday, Jan. 2. In the morning, Secretary McKee gave his talk on "Farm Fertility," which brought out many questions. Especial interest appeared around the question of plowing in farm manures. This seemed to be a new practice among the farmers present, and the few who have tried it report very favorable results. The matter of fall and spring plowing was discussed, and it appeared that the consensus of opinion favored the former. Crimson clover as a fertilizer was spoken of, and some appeared to favor its use, when it was learned that it had been grown and ripened the present year in the state. At the close of the talk the matter of increasing the productive capacity of the soil was divided into four divisions: First, improving its physical condition by tillage; second, adding to the organic matter by frequent plowing and by liberal use of barn dressing; third, by feeding nitrogenous concentrates to farm animals and carefully husbanding and applying the resultant manures; and fourth, by the use of the fertilizers of commerce.

In the afternoon, Prof. Gowell not being present, Secretary McKee gave a talk on "Dairying," principally along lines of crop production for the cow by a shorter system of rotation, and by the use of clover and the mixed grains to help along the protein side of the feeds. The corn plant and the silo were dwelt upon to considerable extent, the speaker claiming that while grass was and would always remain the basis of agriculture in New England, still, in order to meet the conditions forced upon us to ensure that larger amount of stock fodder so necessary for best results, corn, both from the fact that with it we can raise the largest amount of food nutrients per acre, and from the fact that it affords the best possible means for obtaining succulence, we cannot afford to overlook, particularly in our dairy work. The different varieties of corn will grow on different kinds of soil, so that even on the close soils of our river valleys it may be grown to good advantage. Replying to a question by Mr. E. E. Addison, the speaker advised the growing of sweet corn by those farmers who have a good natural, corn-producing soil, and are situated within convenient distance of a factory, he said he had no doubt but that under those conditions more value could be obtained from the land, and when the money obtained from the sale of the ears was put into nitrogenous concentrates, it was probable that the stock-carrying capacity of the farm would be increased by the practice. The necessity of the producing animal was emphasized, and the fact that the animal stood between the feeder and its product was brought out with much force; breeding, selection and careful handling lay at the foundation of successful dairying.

Replying to questions from M. F. Alexander, A. C. Frost, Mr. Dickson, Mr. Donnell and E. E. Addison, it was stated that regularity in feeding was of more importance than any particular order, that it was probable that two feeds a day would bring better results than three, provided the same amount was fed; that after a morning or night feeding was begun there should be no stopping until it was completed; that animals should have frequent access to water, not too cold, that if it ran below 45 degrees it would pay to warm it, and that cleanliness both in the animal and the product is necessary in order to secure best results.

In the evening, Prof. Munson gave a lecture on "Orcharding," dwelling particularly upon the necessity of clean culture, good fertilization and careful and systematic spraying to secure good crops, saying that in no case should any one try to grow two crops upon the same land and that if one expects to grow fruit at a profit he must devote his land entirely to its use. The necessity of destroying all early windfalls to prevent the spread of the Trypeta was emphasized, and hogs or sheep were recommended for this purpose. The speaker believed there was ample room for the extension of the business of fruit growing and urged his hearers to carefully study all the conditions necessary to ensure success, and at the same time to extend their work as fully as possible.

Wednesday evening was spent at East Auburn, where Secretary McKee briefly spoke upon "Soil Improvement," and Prof. Munson spoke on "Beautifying Home Grounds." The meeting was enlivened by good singing by the grange choir, consisting of Messrs. Daniel and W. B. Ricker, Mrs. F. B. Vickery, organist. Mrs. Garland also sang a solo, and Prof. Morse and Miss Minnie S. Gove gave select readings which were highly enjoyed.

Thursday was spent at East Livermore, where Secretary McKee gave his talk on "Farm Fertility" in the morning. Prof. Gowell spoke in the afternoon, on "Dairying," claiming that success to the Maine farmer was to come through the plow and the cow, that the man was the basis of successful work along any line, and that next comes the producing animal as the factor that is most essential. Cheap food is necessary, it comes from careful cultivation and from a greater variety. The speaker urged all his hearers to more courage in their work, saying that in the future we must do more and better work, have more faith in ourselves and our land. The meeting was very enthusiastic during the entire day and evening, many questions being asked. The meeting was enlivened by music by a grange choir, consisting of Carroll Wymann, A. D. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ayer, Mrs. Ellen Folsom and Hattie R. Billington.

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GRADUATE OPTICIANS,
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GUARANTEED to run 48 hours. TABER, GARY & REID, Plumber, Steam Fitters and Painters. PAINTS AND OILS.

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WE SHOW the largest and choicest line of Ladies' and Men's CLOAKS, FURS, CAPS and FUR TRIMMINGS to be found in the city.

E. E. DAVIS & CO.
are selling heavy fleece Underwear for 30c; solid wool Trousers for \$1.50; good winter Suits for \$10.00. Large stock Overcoats, Usters and Fur Coats. Under Gony House, Augusta.

HILL & LOCKE,
Dealers in Choice Family Groceries, Meats and Provisions, Fruits, Confectionery, Etc. Agents for Nonpareil and Bock Boy Flour. Under Hotel North, Water St., Augusta, Me.

JAMES E. FULLER,
FOR TURNIPS.

J. C. Kirkpatrick,
Jeweler, 225 Water St., Augusta, Me. Over 20 years experience. All work warranted. Eyeglasses fitted by optician. No appointment necessary.

E. B. MARSHALL,
Carriage Manufacturer, 31 State St., Augusta, Me., north of the Catholic church, carries the largest line of carriages that can be found in Kennebec county. A good price allowed for old ones in exchange. Also goods sold on instalments.

FRUIT MEETING AT NEW GLOUCESTER.

Every grower of fruit and every one interested in fruit culture should plan to attend the meeting at town hall, New Gloucester, Thursday afternoon and evening and all day Friday of next week, Jan. 18th and 19th, and every one who can should exhibit. Send to Prof. W. M. Munson, Orono, for premium list and programme. In addition to the good speakers from all over Maine those who attend will have a rich treat in the address by Prof. Kirkland of Boston, Friday afternoon. Be sure and hear him.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One of the attractive folders of the year is that just being sent out by Sagadahoc Fertilizer Co., Bowdoinham, telling the story of superior quality of these well established goods. Nothing more pleasing will be seen than this pocket folder from the press of the Maine Farmer job office. Send for a copy.

The full report of the Fish and Game commissioners is crowded out this week. It tells of a full year's work, with the appropriation \$25,000, all expended. The receipts for fees and licenses foot up about \$4000, and this goes for the work of the commissioners.

"Grasp All and Lose All."

Many people are so intent on "grasping" that they lose strength of nerve, appetite, digestion, health. Fortunately, however, these may be restored by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has put many a business man on the road to success by giving him good digestion, strong nerves and a clear brain. It does the same thing for weak and tired women.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

MAINE'S GREATEST STORE.

IT WILL PAY YOU . . .

large returns upon your investment
if you will visit Portland during

Our Great Annual Sale,

which will open Monday, January 8th, and continue during the week.

This is not a sale of old goods, but is a sale of desirable merchandise which we hold each year during the dull season—to stimulate trade and to keep the fact impressed upon your minds that this is Maine's Greatest Store and that we always lead the way in supplying all the needs of housefurnishing.

You will find bargains here by the hundred, nevertheless, and we hope to welcome you next week.

"WE PAY THE FREIGHT."

Oren Hooper's Sons.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

for a glorious liberty! Let any man think for five minutes of what old maidenhood means to a woman, and then let her be silent. Is it easy to bear throughout life a name that in itself signifies defeat—to dwell, as nine out of ten unmarried women must, under the name of "spinster woman"? Is it easy to look forward to an old age without honor, without the reward of useful labor, without love? I wonder how many men there are who would give up everything that is dear in life for the sake of maintaining a high ideal purely?

She laughed a little laugh that was clear without being pleasant. "And then, when they have no other argument against us, they say: 'Go on, but when you have made woman what you wish and her children inherit her culture you will defeat yourself. Man will gradually become extinct from excess of intellect. The sexes which replenish it race will die.' Fools!" she said, curling her pretty lip. "A Hottentot sits at the roadside and feeds on a rotten bone he has found there and takes out his bottle of Cap and smoke and swills at it and grunts with satisfaction. The same man in the nineteenth century sits in his armchair and sips choice wines with the help of a connoisseur and tastes delicate dishes with a delicate palate and with a satisfaction of which the Hottentot knows nothing. Heavy jaw and sloping forehead, all have gone with the intellect. The same man, whose appetites are there still, refined, discriminative, but immeasurably intensified, says: 'Fools! Before men forgive or worship, while they were still weak on their hind legs, did they not eat and drink and fight for wives? When all the latter additions to humanity have vanished, what will be the attraction on which they are built remain?'

She was silent then for awhile and said somewhat dreamily, more as though speaking to herself than to him: "They ask: What will you gain, even if man does not become extinct? You will have brought justice and equality to the earth and sent love from it. When men and women are equals, they will love no more. Your highly cultured women will not be lovable, will not love."

"Do they see nothing, understand nothing? It is Tant' Sannie who buries her husbands one after another and folds her hands resignedly.—The Lord gave her the earth and sent love from it, and she looks for another. It is the hard hearted, deep thinker who, when the wife who has thought and worked with him goes, can find no rest and lingers near her till he finds sleep beside her."

A great soul draw and is drawn with more force intensely than with any small one. By every inch we grow in intellectual height our love strikes down its roots deeper and spreads out its arms wider. It is for love's sake that more than for any other that we look for that new time."

He leaned her head against the stones that the earth and sent love from it and she was retreating him. "Then when that time comes," she said slowly, "when love is no more bought or sold, when it is not a means of making bread, when each woman's life is filled with earnest, independent labor, then love will come to her, a strange sudden thing, as it comes in the forest, cannot work, not sought for, but found. Then, but not now!"

Waldo waited for her to finish the sentence, but she seemed to have forgotten him.

"Lyndal," he said, putting his hand upon her (she started), "if you think of me with more intensity than of the good, you who speak so easily!"

She interrupted him.

"Speak, speak!" she said. "The difficulty is not to speak. The difficulty is to keep silence."

"But why do you not try to bring that time?" he said, with pitiful smile. "When you speak, believe all you can say. Or other people would listen to you also."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, with a smile.

Then over the small face came the memory that it had worn last night as she looked the shadow in the corner—ah, so weary!

"I, Waldo, I?" she said. "I will do more for my people than anything for the world till one of us wakes up. I am asleep, swathed, shut up in self, till I have been delivered I will deliver to one."

He looked at her, wondering, but she was not looking at him.

"To see the good and the beautiful," she said, "is the best fate for a man. It is only to be Moses on the mountain of Nebo, with the land at your feet and no power to enter. It would be better not to see it. Come," she said, looking up into his face and seeing its uncomprehending expression, "let us go. It is getting late. Doss is waiting for the bread fast and the added, wheeling round and calling to the dog, who was endeavoring to unearth a mole, an occupation to which he had been zealously addicted from her third month, but in which he had never on any single occasion proved successful."

Waldo shouldered his bag, and Lyndal walked on before in silence, with the dog close at her side. Perhaps she thought of the narrowness of the limits within which a human soul may speak and be understood by its nearest neighbor, of how soon it reaches the limit of its life, how soon its experience in which no fellow footfall is ever heard. Whatever her thoughts may have been, she was soon later, standing still, produced with awkwardness from her breast pocket a small carved box.

"I made it for you," she said, holding it out.

"I like it," he said, examining it carefully.

The workmanship was better than that of the grave pot. The flowers that covered it were delicate, and here and there a leaf of a flower, as if they were left in among them. She turned it round critically. Waldo bent over it lovingly.

"There is one strange thing about it," he said earnestly, putting a finger on one little pyramid. "I made it without these, and I felt something was wrong at first. I thought of roses, and at last I let these in, and then it was right. But why was it? They are not beautiful in themselves."

"They relieve the monotony of the smooth leaves, I suppose."

He shook his head as over a weighty matter.

when Dr. R. V. Pierce used," writes Mrs. T. Bargesville, Johnson Co. not heard of Dr. Pierce years ago when I was confined almost death. Before baby be on my feet without two

little initial self. It is the most amusing thing I know of, but of course, being a woman, I have not often time for such amusements. Professional duties always first, you know. It takes a great deal of time to think of how to make a variety of things for a pretty woman. Is the old buggy still in existence, Waldo?"

"Yes, but the harness is broken."

"Well, I wish you would mend it. You must teach me to drive. Most learn something while I am here, I got the Harnessed girl to show me how to make a variety of things this morning and Tan't Sannie is going to teach me to make 'kajpes.' I will come and sit with you this afternoon while you mend the harness."

"Thank you."

"No; don't thank me. I come for my own pleasure. I don't find any thought at home. Women bore me, and men I talk so to—Going to the ball this evening? Nice little dog that of yours. Pretty little ears. So fond of pointer pups? And they think me fascinating, charming! Men are like the earth, and we are the moon. We turn always one side to the sun, and they think there is no other reason why they don't see it but that there is."

They had reached the house now.

"Tell me when you set to work," she said and walked toward the door.

Waldo stood to look after her, and Doss stood by his side, a look of painful uncertainty depicted on his face. He turned to the little dog poised in the air. Should he stay with his master or go? He looked at the figure with the wide straw hat moving toward the house, and he looked up at his master. Then he put down the little paw and went. Waldo watched them both in at the door and then turned to the little dog and questioned that at least his dog was with her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TANT' SANNIE HOLDS AN UPSITTING, AND GREGORY WRITES A LETTER.

It was just after sunset and Lyndall had not yet returned from her first driving lesson when the lean colored woman appeared at the corner of the house to enjoy the evening breeze, saw coming along the road a strange horseman. Very narrowly she surveyed him as he slowly approached. He was attired in the deepest mourning, the black cap round his tall hat totally concealing the black felt and nothing but a dazzling shine from reflecting the sun on his saddle. He rode much forward in his attitude, with his chin resting on the uppermost of his shirt studs, and there was an air of meek subjection to the will of heaven and to what might be in store for him which bespoke itself even in the way in which he gently urged his steed. He evidently never hurriedly reach his destination, for the nearer he approached to it the slacker did his brittle hang. The colored woman, having fully inspected him, dashed into the dwelling.

"Here is another one," she cried. "A widower. I see it by his hat."

"What is he?" said Tan't Sannie. "It's be seventh I've had this month. For he men know where sheep and good looks and money in the bank are to be found," she added, winking knowingly. "How does he look?"

"Nineteen, weak eyes, white hair, little round nose," said the maid.

"What is he?" said Tan't Sannie. "It's be Tan't Sannie triumphantly, "little did Tan't Vander Walt, whose wife died last month—two farms, 12,000 sheep, I've not seen him, but my sister-in-law told me about him, and I dreamed about him last night."

Here Piet's black hat appeared in the doorway, and the "Lord" said Tan't Sannie drew in his hand in dignified silence, and drew the tips of her fingers and motioned solemnly to a chair. The young man entered himself, sticking his feet as far under it as they would go, and said loudly:

"I am Little Piet Vander Walt, and my father is the Big Piet Vander Walt."

Tan't Sannie said solemnly: "Yes."

"Aunt," said the young man, starting up spasmodically, "can I off saddle?"

"Yes."

He seized his hat and disappeared with a rush through the door.

"I told you so! I knew it," said Tan't Sannie. "The far end of the world is for nothing. Did I tell you this morning that I dreamed of a great best like a sheep, with red eyes, and did I killed it? Wasn't the white wool his hair, and the red eyes his weak eyes, and my killing him meant marriage? Get supper ready quickly. The sheep's legs and roaster cakes. We will eat them in tonight."

To young Piet Vander Walt that supper was a period of intense torture. There was something overwringing at that assembly of English people, for their incomprehensible speech and, moreover, it was his first courtship. His first wife had courted him, and he had never been in love with her, and he did not raise his spirit or courage. He turned to his little and when he raised a morsel to his lips glanced guiltily round to see if he was not observed. He had put three rings on his little finger, with the intention of sticking it out stiffly when he raised a coffee cup. Now the little finger was curled miserably among its fellows. It was small relief when the meal was over and Tan't Sannie and he repaired to the front room. Once seated there, he set his knees close together, stood his black hat upon them and wretchedly turned the brim up and down. But supper had been sent Tan't Sannie, who was a very capable longer to maintain that decorous silence and whose heart yearned over the youth.

"I was related to your Aunt Selena who died," said Tan't Sannie. "My mother's stepbrother's child was married to her father's brother's stepbrother."

"Yes, aunt," said the young man. "I knew we were related."

"It was her cousin," said Tan't Sannie, now fairly on the flow, "who had he cancer cut out of her breast by the doctor, who was not the right doctor they sent for, but who did it as was."

"Yes, aunt," said the young man.

"I've heard about it often," said Tan't Sannie. "And he was the son of the old doctor that they said died on Christmas day, but I don't know if he's true. People do tell such awful things. Why couldn't he die on Christmas day more than any other day?"

"Yes, aunt, why?" said the young man meekly.

"Did you ever have the toothache?" asked Tan't Sannie.

"No, aunt."

"Of the old doctor that died on Christmas day, the other that didn't come when he was sent—for he gave such good stuff for the toothache that he cured the pain in the room where any one was had they got better directly. You could see it was good stuff," said Tant' Sannie. "It tasted horrid. That was a real doctor! He used to give a bottle so high." said the Boer woman, raising her hand a foot from the table. "You could drink at your ease, and you wouldn't get done, and the same medicine was good for all sorts of sicknesses—croup, measles, jaundice, dropsy. Now you have to buy a new kind for each sickness. The doctors aren't so good as they used to be."

"No, aunt," said the young man, who was feeling faint and courage to stick out his legs and clink his spurs together. He did so at last.

Tant' Sannie had noticed the spurs before, but she thought it showed a valence, many spirit, and her heart warmed yet more to the youth.

Did you ever have convulsions when grown were a baby?" asked Tant' Sannie.

"Yes," said the young man.

"Strange!" said Tant' Sannie. "I had convulsions too. Wonderful that we should be so much alike!"

"Aunt," said the young man explosively, "can we sit up tonight?"

"Sannie hung her head and half closed his eyes, but finding that her husband was thrown away, the young man staring fixedly at his hat, he smiled, "Yes," and went away to fetch candles.

In the dining room Em worked at her machine, and Gregory sat close beside her, his great blue eyes turned to her while she was sewing. Lyndall leaned out from the cupboard and held them up triumphantly, winking all round the room.

Tant' Sannie took two candles out of the emporium and held them up triumphantly, winking all round the room.

"He's asked for them," she said.

"Does he want them for his horse's harness?" asked Gregory, new to up country life.

"No," said Tant' Sannie indignantly; "we're going to sit up!" and she walked off in triumph with the candles.

Nevertheless, when all the rest of the house had retired, when the long candle was lighted, when the coffee kettle bubbled over the fire, and when the girl, with her lover on a chair close beside her, and when the vigil of the night was fairly begun, she began to doze and it wearied. The young man coughed chilly and said nothing.

"Won't you put your feet on my knee?" said Tant' Sannie.

"Thank you, aunt," said the young man, and both lapsed into silence.

At last Tant' Sannie, afraid of going to sleep, tapped a strong cup of coffee or herself and handed another to her husband. This visibly revived both.

"How long were you married, cousin?"

"Ten months, aunt."

"How old was your baby?"

"Three days when it died."

"It's very hard when we must give our husbands and wives to the Lord," said Tant' Sannie.

"Very," said the young man, "but it's the Lord's will."

"Yes," said Tant' Sannie and sighed.

"And I had a good wife, aunt."

"You know her break a churn stick over a maid's head for only letting dust come on a milk cloth."

Tant' Sannie felt a twinge of jealousy. She had never broken a churn stick over a maid's head.

"I hope your wife made a good end," he said.

"Oh, beautiful, aunt! She said up a psalm, and two hymns and a half before she died."

"Did she leave any messages?" asked Tant' Sannie.

"No," said the young man; "but the night before she died I was lying at her foot of her bed. I felt her foot kick me."

"Piet," she said.

"Annie, my heart," said I.

"My little baby that died yesterday was as here, and it stood over the wagon box," she said.

"What did it say?" I asked.

"It said that if I died you must marry me."

"I will," I said, and I went to sleep again. Presently she woke me.

"The baby has been here again, and says you must marry a woman over and who's had two husbands."

"I didn't go to sleep after that for a long time, aunt; but when I did she woke me."

"The baby has been here again," she said, "and it says you mustn't marry a woman with a mole." I told her I couldn't, and the next day she died."

"That was a vision from the Re-emmer," said Tant' Sannie.

The young man nodded his head mournfully. He thought of a younger brother whose wife who was not fat and who had a mole and of whom his wife had always been jealous, and he wished the little baby had liked better praying in heaven than coming and wandering over the wagon chest.

"I suppose that's why you came to me?" said Tant' Sannie.

"Yes, aunt, and I said I ought to be married before shearing time. It was bad if there's no one to see after things then, and the maids waste such lot of fat."

"When do you want to get married?"

"Next month, aunt," said the young man in a tone of hopeless resignation.

"Why, fy!" said Tant' Sannie and then drew her chair a little closer, she laid down, their elbows now touching, they sat on through the night.

The next morning at dawn, as Em passed through Tant' Sannie's bedroom door, she saw the young man pulling off her boots preparatory to climbing into bed.

"Where is Piet Vander Walt?"

"Just gone," said Tant' Sannie, "and am going to marry him this day four weeks. I am dead sleepy," she added.

The stupid thing didn't know how to climb into bed, and he pulled himself up to the four poster, clothes and all, and drew the quilt up to her chin.

[illegible]

and hand would fall on me: 'You did it, boy; for your own pleasure you created this thing! See your work!' If it lived to be 80, it would always hang on my neck, and I would never be able to demand of my neck, have it cut off, and then curse me and curse me for its sorrow. A poet would only like to God—if his work turns out bad, so much the worse for him; he dare not wash his hands of it. Time and years can never bring the day when you can say to your child, 'Soul, what have you to do with youth?' " "It is a marvelous thing that one soul should be powerful to cause another." She heard the words as she heard the beating of the horses' hoofs; her thoughts ran on in their own line. "They say," God sends the little babies. Of all the dastardly revolting things in the world, the little I hate most. Most I suppose my father said to him when he knew he was dying of consumption, and my mother when she knew she had nothing to support me in, and they created me to feed like a dog from stranger hands. Men do not like my God sends the books or the newspapers, the articles, the books, the snake, and then sigh and shrug their shoulders and say they can't help it. Why do they say so about other things? Liars! 'God sends the little babies!' She struck her foot fretfully against the splash board. "The small children do so earnestly. The little stranger reverently, who had just come from God's own country, and they peep about the room to see if not one white feather has dropped from the wing of the angel that brought him. On their lips the phrase means much; on all others it is a deliberate lie. Noticeable, too," he said, dropping in an instant from his assumption of angelic tones, "the angels, 'when people are married, though they should have 60 children, they sorrow the whole ones on God. When they are not, we hear nothing about God's having sent them. When there has been no legal contract between the parents, who sends the little children to earth? The devil, I guess." She laughed a little sily, mocking laugh. "Odd that some men should come from hell and some from heaven and yet all look so much alike when they get here." Waldo wondered at it. He had not the key to her thoughts and did not see the string on which they were strung. He drew her cloud tighter about her. "It must be very nice to believe in the devil," she said. "I wish I did. If it would be of any use, I would pray three hours night and morning on my bare knees, 'God, let me believe in the devil. It is easier for those people who do. They may be so selfish and as sensual as they please and, between God's will and the devil's action, always have some one to throw their sin on. But we, wretched unbelievers, we bear our own burdens. We must say: 'I myself did it, I. Not God, Satan; I myself.' " "That is the sting at that point," Waldo said. "Continually, with a sudden and complete change of manner, 'I like you so much I love you.' She rested her cheek softly against his shoulder. "When I am with you, I never know that I am a woman and you are a man. I only know that we are both things that are made of flesh and blood. I like you, whether I love them or not, they are mere bodies to me, but you are a spirit. I like you. Look," she said slyly, sinking back into her corner, "what a pretty pinkness there is on all e hills! The sun will rise in a moment." "The sun lifted his eyes to look round the circle of golden hills, and the horses, as the first sunbeams touched em, shook their heads and clamped their bright bits till the brass settings their harness glittered again. It was 8 o'clock when they neared e farmhouse, a red brick building, a knolls to the right and a small creek to the left. The air was full of signs of unusual life and bustle. One cart, a wagon and a couple of saddles against the wall betokened the arrival of a few early guests, whose numbers would soon be largely increased. To Dutch country wedding guests start in numbers astonishing to one who is merely passing through the plains sparsely inhabited. "As the morning advances riders on many shades of steeds appear from all directions and offer their saddles to long rows against the walls, shake daises, drink coffee and stand about the stables in groups to watch the arrivals and ex dragons as they are disburdened of their loads. The soft of Spanish Tantes and comely daughters, followed by swarms of children of all ages, dressed in all manner of print and mole skin, who are taken care of Hotentot, Kaffir and half caste horses, whose many shaded complexions, ranging from light yellow up to the black, and whose many and varied tastes. Everywhere are excitement and bustle, which gradually increase as the time for the return of the wedding party approaches. Preparations for the feast are actively advancing in the kitchen; coffee is liberally handed round, and amid a profusion of flowers, the first of the horse wagon draws up, and the wedding party alight. Bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, march solemnly to the marriage chamber, where bed and box are decked out in white with ends of ribbon and artificial flowers and with a row of candles. After the time bride and groom stand man rise and conduct in with emony each individual guest to wish excess and to kiss bride and bridegroom. Then the feast is set on the dishes, and it is almost sunset before the signature of any signing is complete. (Continued next week.)

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
Quit tobacco once and forever, live longer, be happier, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes you smoke and drink disappear. Write for a free trial. Booklet and sample free. Address: Cigarette Smoking Co., Chicago or New York.

... guest with a pleasant temper at a dinner was not to his liking and he had no hesitancy in telling the waiter so. He will then throw down his knife and fork, he exclaimed, "there's no use talking, I can't eat this stuff." "I'm sorry, sir," responded the waiter, "but you might as well, for you'll have to pay for it anyhow." —Exchange.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Hobbs' Backache Pills cure kidney ills. See

Home Department

EVERY MOTHER

Will be interested
in the announce-
ment made upon
the fourth page re-
garding the Maine
Farmer.

IT IS VERY COMFORTIN'.

It is very comfortin'
When your hair is gettin thin
And the crow feet in your eyes have come
say,
Just to feel her little hand
Smoothin back each silver strand
While you meet her lovin look and hear her
say,
My dear, it seems as though
Every year you live you grow
Happier than in the olden day,"
Then you look up at your wife,
And you think in all your life
You never heard a sweeter word of praise.
But the teardrops will arise
To your dim old falain eyes,
And you kiss the gentle hand still white
and small.
While you try to tell her how
You loved her then—love her now,
But bless me if the words will come at all
For just then there comes to you
The trials she's gone through
And borne without a murmur for your sake
You can only bow your head
At the loving things she's said,
While your poor old heart will only ache
and sigh.

But who knows what all she you then,
And she kisses you again,
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet
an' low,
"Life has brought more hopes than I
thought."
We have known more sunnies than they
And the years seem ever brighter as they go.
Yes, 'tis comfortin, you know,
When your step is gettin slow
And you're slidin down life's hill a-mis-
erous fact,
Just to feel her little hand
Smoothin back each silver strand
While she tells you that she'll love you
to the last.

—Los Angeles Herald

OUR OPPORTUNITIES AND INFLUENCE

[Address delivered at Androscoogueno, Maine, Wales, by Mrs. Annie L. Gray, R. Seld.]

We are standing on the threshold of new era. As we read the papers magazines from day to day, and find week to week, we find that here there, all over our land, the people are to be awakened to a knowledge of power they possess; and in view of fact that our order is steadily increasing in membership, it behooves us to learn about and see what we, the Patrons Maine, can do to aid in wielding power in a wise and noble manner.

In his annual address to the State grand last December, Worthy State Master Gardner said: "We are second only the Empire state in number of members and in average number per grange, exceed them fifty per cent." He stated that he was satisfied, by observation, that our membership is as true representative of the agricultural interests of the country as any state in the Union.

This is a grand record, but the opportunity is ours to make it still more grand and noble.

"There are men and women all over the world who want to be Grangers." But demand for the good still exceeds supply.

And experience surely has shown That experience army's a good thing to have. That in emergency's plight, We be ready for action at word of command To defend either country or right."

Brothers and sisters, it is for us, if we will, to belong to the rank and file of a standing army, to so dignify our order that it shall be enough to know of a person's worth to know that he belongs to the ranks of the Grange, and she is a member of the grange, and that it shall be understood that the Patroness will stand together and work shoulder to shoulder for the greatest good of all.

Some months ago, a public official of one of our western cities made a statement of his belief, in writing, to a Grange paper: "I know that the republic cannot endure, and that our Christianity must perish from the face of the earth, unless those of us who claim to be both patriotic and Christian are able to demonstrate, by the sacrifice of service, that our claims are founded, by redeeming our beloved country from the cruel grasp of selfish greed that would destroy, and making what God designed it should be, 'a habitation for the oppressed of all the earth.'"

Brothers and sisters, have we all recognized the fact that selfishness, in one form or another, in one person or other, lies at the bottom of nearly every crime that is committed?

We, the people of this country, are selfish people. It is bred in us, if born in us; and it shows itself all through life, from the child who goes early to school on the first day of the term, to him to get the coveted seat, to the millionaire who compel us to pay interest on watered stock, and grind from poor to even richer his own coffers. In our own families, we may be ready to sacrifice for those we love, but it comes hard to work for the greatest good of all.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you run risk of being kept by constipation, flatulence, headache, nervousness, indigestion, or piles, prone in the shape of hemorrhoids, or cancer, the most dangerous growths of the system. The best way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to use

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Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Griets, and keeps the bowels free, and booklet on health. Address: **Beech-Nut Candy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.**

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By OLIVE SCHREINER

"as a glorious liberty! Let any man think for five minutes of what old maidenhood means to a woman, and then let him be silent. Is it easy to bear being single?—Is it easy to bear being single defeat—to dwell, as mine out of ten unmarried women must, under the finger of another woman? Is it easy to look forward to an old age without honor, without the reward of useful labor, without love? I wonder how many men there are who would give up their whole life, their place in life for the sake of maintaining a high ideal purity."

She laughed a little laugh that was clear without being pleasant. "And then, when they have no other argument against us, they say: 'Go on, but don't forget to marry.' But if you do not wish and her children inherit her culture you will defeat yourself. Man will gradually become extinct from excess of intellect. The passions which replenish the race will die." Fools!" she said, curling her pretty lip. "A Hotentot sits at the roadside and looks at a matter that he does not understand and takes out his bottle of Cape smoke and swills at it and grunts with satisfaction, and the cultured child of the nineteenth century sits in his armchair and sips choice wines with the help of a connoisseur and tastes delicious dishes with a delicate palate and with a satisfaction that even the Hotentot knows nothing. Heavy jaw and sloping forehead, all have gone with increasing intellect, but the animal appetites are there still, refined, discriminative, but immeasurably intensified. Fools! Before men forgive or work for anything better than death for their blind leads, did they not eat and drink and fight for wives? When all the latter additions to humanity have vanished, will not the foundation on which they are built remain?"

She was silent then for awhile and said somewhat dreamily, more as though speaking to herself than to him:

"They ask: What will you gain, even if man does not become extinct? You will have brought justice and equality on the earth and sent love from them. When men and women are equals, they will love no more. Your highly cultured women will not be lovable, will not be loved."

"Do they see nothing, understand nothing? It is Tant' Sannie who buries husbands one after another and folds her hands resignedly—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord"—and she looks for another. It is the hard-headed, deep-thinking who, when the wife has died, makes a making bread when each woman's life is filled with earnest, independent labor, then love will come to her, a strange sudden sweetness breaking in upon her earnest work, not sought for, but found. Then, but now!"

Waldo waited for her to finish the sentence, but she seemed to have forgotten him.

"Lyndall," he said, putting his hand upon her (she started), "if you think that that new time will be so great, so good, you who speak so easily!"

She interrupted him.

"Don't speak, speak!" she said. "The difficulty is to keep silence. The difficulty is to keep silence."

"But why do you not try to bring that time?" he said, with pitiful simplicity. "When you speak, I believe all you say. Other people would listen to you also."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, with smile.

Then over the small face came the weary look it had worn last night as it watched the shadow in the corner—ah, so weary!

"I, Waldo, I?" she said. "I will do nothing good for myself, nothing for the world, till some one wakes me. I am asleep, swollen, shut up in self. Till I have been delivered I will deliver none."

He looked at her, wondering, but she was not looking at him.

"To see the good and the beautiful," she said, "and to have no strength to live it is only to be Moses on the mountains of Nebo, with the land at your feet, and yet to see no sign of it; it would be better not to see it. Come," she said, looking up into his face and seeing its uncomprehending expression, "let us go. It is getting late. Doss is anxious for his breakfast also," she added, wheeling round and calling to the dog, who was endeavoring to untie his collar, and who was soaked in mud he had been zealously addicted from the third month, but in which he had never on any single occasion proved successful.

Waldo shouldered his bag, and Lyndall walked on before in silence, with the dog close at her side. Perhaps she thought no more of the shadow in its within which human soul may speak and be understood by its nearest of mental kin, of how soon it reaches that solitary land of the individual experience in which no fellow footfall is ever heard. Whatever her thoughts were, the minute she was soaked in mud he had been zealously addicted from the third month, but in which he had never on any single occasion proved successful.

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"I made it for you," he said, holding it out.

"What is it?" she asked, examining it carefully.

The workmanship was better than that of the grave post. The flowers that covered it were delicate, and here and there small conical protuberances were left in among them. She turned it round critically. Waldo bent over it eagerly.

"There is one strange thing about it," he said earnestly, putting a finger on one little pyramid. "I made it without these, and I felt something was wrong. I tried them and then changed, and at last I let these in, and changes came. They are not beautiful in themselves."

"They relieve the monotony of the smooth leaves, I suppose."

He shook his head as over a weighty matter.

"The sky is monotonous," he said,

"What a difference in the suffering at time of childbirth

little internal self. It is the most musing thing I know of, but of course being a woman, I have not often time to sit alone musing. I have a few duties ahead of me, first, you know. It takes a great deal of time and thought all ways to look perfectly exquisite, even for a pretty woman. Is the old buggy still in existence, Waldo?

"Yes, but the harness is broken."

"Well, I wish you would mend it. You must be a good woman, I must have something while I am here, got the Hottentot girl to show me how to make 'sarsaries' this morning and Tant' Sannie is going to teach me to make 'kajjes,' I will come and sit with you this afternoon while you mend the harness."

"No; don't thank me. I come for my own pleasure. I never find any one I can talk to. Women bore me, and met I talk to so—'Going to the ball this evening?' Nice little dog that of yours. Pretty little cars. So fond of pointers upsy! And they think I am a fool!"

"Yes, Men are like the earth, and we are the moon. We turn always one side to them, and they think there is no other because they don't see; but there is."

"They had reached the house now."

"Tell me when you set to work," she said, and walked toward the door. At the door she turned back and said, "Doss stood at his side, a look of painful uncertainty depicted on his small countenance and one little foot poised in the air. Should he stay with his master or go? He looked at the figure with the wide straw hat moving toward the house, and put down the little paw and went. Waldo watched them both in and at the door and then walked away alone. He was satisfied that at least his dog was with her."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TANT' SANNIE HOLDS AN UPSITTING, AND DOWNGETTING WARMS A LETTER.

It was just after sunset and Lyndall had not yet returned from her first driving lesson when the lean colored woman, standing at the corner of the house to enjoy the evening breeze, saw coming along the road a strange horseman. Very narrowly she surveyed the figure, and approached him. He was attired in the deepest mourning, the black crape rode his tall hat totally concealing the black felt and nothing but a dazzling shirt front relieving the funeral tone of his attire. He rode much forward in his saddle, with his chin resting on the uppermost of his shirt studs, and there was an air of gloom and sternness to the will of heaven and to what might be in store for him that bespoke itself even in the way in which he gently urged his steed. He was evidently in no hurry to reach his destination, for the nearer he approached to it the slacker did his bridle hang. The colored woman, having no horse to inspect him, dashed into the dwelling.

"Here is another one," she cried, "a widower. I see it by his hat."

"Good Lord!" said Tant' Sannie. "It's the seventh I've had this month. But the men know where sheep and good books and money in the bank are to be found, so I suppose I shall know nothing."

"How does he look?"

"Nineteen, weak eyes, white hair, a little round nose," said the maid.

"Then it's so, then it's he," said Tant' Sannie, triumphantly, "Little Piet Vander Walt, whose wife died last month—two farms, twelve sheep—let me not see him, but my sister-in-law look at him about him, and I dreamed about him last night."

Here Piet's black hat appeared in the doorway, and the Boer woman drew herself up in dignified silence, extended the tips of her fingers and motioned solemnly to a chair. The young man himself, sticking his feet as far forward under it as they would go, and said mildly:

"I am Little Piet Vander Walt, and my father is Big Piet Vander Walt."

Tant' Sannie said solemnly, "Yes."

"Aunt," said the young man, starting up spasmodically, "can I off say—"

"Yes."

He seized his hat and disappeared with a rush through the door.

"I told you so! I knew it!" said Tant' Sannie. "The dear Lord doesn't intend dreams for nothing. Didn't I tell you this morning that I dreamed of a great beast like a sheep, with red eyes, and a white coat, and a black nose, and a black hair, and the red eyes his weak eyelids, and my killing him meant marriage? Get supper ready quickly. The sheep's inside and roaster cakes. We shall sit up tonight."

To young Piet Vander Walt that supper was a period of intense torture. He was thinking over and over in his head that assembly of English people, with their incomprehensible speech, and moreover, it was his first courtship. His first wife had nursed him, and ten months of severe domestic rule had not raised his spirit or courage. He ate little and when he raised a morsel to his lips glancing at the room to see if he was not observed. He had put three rings on his little finger, with the intention of sticking it out stiffly when he raised a coffee cup. Now the little finger was curled miserably among his fellows. It was small relief when the meal was over and Tant' Sannie and the young man were alone. Once he perceived there, he set his knees close together, stood his black hat upon them and wretchedly turned the brim up and down. But supper had cheered Tant' Sannie, who found it impossible longer to maintain that decorous silence and whose heart yearned over the youth.

"What a fine fellow," said Tant' Sannie, "who died," said Tant' Sannie. "My mother's stepbrother's child was married to her father's brother's stepbrother's niece."

"Yes, aunt," said the young man. "I knew we were related."

"Yes, aunt," said Tant' Sannie, now fairly on the flow, "who had the cancer cut out of her breast by the other doctor, who was not the right doctor they sent for, but who did it quite as well."

"Yes, aunt," said the young man.

"I never heard about it often," said Tant' Sannie, "but I saw some of the old doctor that they say died on Christmas day, but I don't know if that's true. People do tell such awful lies. Why should he die on Christmas day more than any other day?"

"Yes, aunt, why?" said the young man, slowly.

"Did you ever have the toothache?" asked Tant' Sannie.

"No, aunt."

"Well, they say that doctor—not the

[illegible][illegible]

Will be interested in the announcement made upon the fourth page regarding the Main Farmer.

IT IS VERY COMFORTIN.
It is very comfortin
When your hair is settin thin
And the crow feet in your eyes have come
say,
Just to feel her little hand
And smooth back each silver strand
While you meet her lovin look and hear
say,
"My dear, it seems as though
Every year you live you grow
And softer than the cotton fluff"
And you think in at your wife,
And you think in all your life
You never heard a sweeter word of praise.
But the tearsdrops will arise
To your dim old faded eyes,
And you kiss the gentle hand still white as
snow,
While you try to tell her how
You loved her then—love her now,
And bless me if the words will come at all.
For just to give her love to you
The trials she's gone through
And borne without a murmur for your sake
You can only bow your head
And just to give her things she's said,
The more your poor old heart will only ache
and ache.
But she knows what ails you then,
And she kisses you again,
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet
and true,
"Life has brought more hopes than fate
We have known more smiles than tears
And the years seem ever brighter as they pass
And you comfortin, you know,
When your step is gettin slow
And they're slidin down life's hill a-might
fast,
Just to feel her little hand
And smooth back each silver strand
While she tells you that she'll love you
to the last.

ed delivered at Androscoggin
nary, Wales, by Mrs. Annie L. Gray, her
We are standing on the threshold of
aw era. As we read the papers and
magazines from day to day, and from
week to week, we find that here and
there, all over our land, the people seem
to be awakening to a knowledge of their
country they possess; and in view of the
fact that our order is steadily increasing
membership, it behooves us to look
about and see what we, the Patrons
Union, can do to aid in wielding their
power in a wise and noble manner.
In its annual address to the State govern-
ment at December, Worthy State Master
Harris said: "We are second number one
in Empire state in number of members,
and in average number per grange, and
exceeded them fifty per cent." He also
said that he was satisfied, by observation
of fact, that our membership is as truly
representative of the agricultural popu-
lation of the country as any state in
the Union.

This is a grand record, but the opportunity
ours to make it still more grand and
noble.

There are men and women all over the
State whose Main is proud to own, and
at demand for the good soil exceeds the
supply.

And experience surely has shown
that a standing army's a good thing to
have, and that in emergency it will be
we're ready for action at word of command
To defend either country or right."

Brothers and sisters, it is for us, if we
will, to belong to the rank and file of the
standing army, to so dignify our nobility
that it shall be enough to know that
a person's worth to know that he
shall be a member of the grange, and that
he shall be understood that the Patron
stand together and work shoulder to
shoulder for the greatest good of all.

Some months ago, a public official
of one of our western cities made this state-
ment of his belief, in writing, to a Chicago
paper: "I know that the republic cannot
endure, and that our most serious dan-
ger constantly must perish from the face
of the earth, unless those of us who
claim to be both patriotic and Christian
endeavor to demonstrate, by the sacrifice
of service, that our claims are well
founded; by redeeming our beloved
country from the cruel grasp of selfishness;
by doing that which would destroy, and making
good that God designed it should be," have
been the oppressors of all the earth.

Brothers and sisters, have we not reason
to dread the fact that selfishness, in one
form or another, in one person or an-
other, lies at the bottom of nearly every
crime that is committed?

We, the people of this country, are
unhappy people. It is bred in us, it runs
in our veins; and it shows itself all through
our life, from the child who goes early
to school on the first day of the term
to get the coveted seat, to the mil-
lions who compel us to pay interest on
watered stock, and grind from the
poor to enrich their own coffers. In cur-
rent families, we may be ready to sacri-
fice for those we love, but it comes hard
work for the greatest good of all.

BEST FOR THE

BOWELS

"You need a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you realize or will. Keep your system clean, pure, and moist. Force, in the shape of cathartic pills, will poison the digestive tract, and thus prevent the best possible way of keeping the system clear and clean is to take

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CATHARTIC

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

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Get Sicken, Pleasant, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Buy from sample, and booklet on desire, free. Write for The Candy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

